INTERESTING

ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS,

ALLEGORIES, ESSAYS,

AND

POETICAL FRAGMENTS;

TENDING

TO AMUSE THE FANCY, AND INCULCATE MORALITY.

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EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE

OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

THE King, when at Bruſſels, being deſirous and reſolved to ſee his ſiſter the Princeſs of Orange, but withal under a neceſſity to make the journey with the utmoſt ſecrecy, did communicate his deſign to no perſon whatſoever. He ordered ——— Fleming, (a ſervant of the Earl of Wigton) who was in his ſervice, and of whoſe fidelity he neither then nor ever after did doubt, ſecretly to provide a couple of good horſes, and have them ready at a certain place and time of the next enſuing night, by his Majeſty appointed: that Fleming, with theſe horſes, ſhould remain alone till he heard from the King.

At the time appointed, the King (having gone to bed, and afterwards dreſſed himſelf, and privately gone out of a back door, and leaving only a letter to ſome one of his ſervants in whom he confided, with an account of his having gone from them for a few days, and with directions to keep his abſence as ſecret as poſſible, under pretence of being indiſpoſed) came to the place: there he found Fleming with the horſes, as he had directed. He then acquainted Fleming of his deſign of going to the Hague; and not regarding the hazards he might be expoſed to, away he went with his ſlender equipage and attendance, travelling through the moſt ſecret bye-ways, and contriving it ſo, that he came to the Hague by ſix in the morning, and alighted at a ſcrub inn in a remote part of the town, where he was confident none would know him under the diſguiſe he was then in. He immediately ſent Fleming to acquaint his ſiſter where he was, and to leave it to her to contrive the way and manner of his having acceſs to her, ſo as not to be known.

Fleming having diſpatched his commiſſion in a very ſhort time, (leſs than an hour) was no ſooner returned to the King, (finding him in the room where he had left him, and where he had been ſtill alone) than an unknown perſon came and

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aſked of the landlord, if two Frenchmen had not alighted at his houſe that morning? The landlord replied, that indeed two men had come, but of what country he knew not. The ſtranger deſired him to tell them he wanted to ſpeak to them; which he having done, the King was much ſurprized, but withal inclined to ſee the perſon.—Fleming oppoſed it; but the King being poſitive, the perſon was introduced, being an old reverend-like man, with a long beard and ordinary grey cloaths; who looking and ſpeaking to the perſon of the King, told him he was the perſon he wanted to ſpeak to, and that all alone, on matters of importance. The King believing it might perhaps be a return from his ſiſter, or being curious to know the reſult of ſuch an adventure, deſired Fleming to withdraw; which he refuſed, till the King taking him aſide, told him there could be no hazard from ſuch an old man, for whom he was too much, and commanded him to retire.

They were no ſooner alone, than the ſtranger bolted the door, (which brought the King to think on what might or would happen) and at the ſame time falling upon his knees, pulled off his very nice and artificial maſk, and diſcovered himſelf to be Mr. Downing, (afterwards well known by the name of Sir George, and Ambaſſador from the

King to the States, after his reſtoration) then Envoy or Ambaſſador from Cromwell to the States, being the ſon of one Downing, an Independent Miniſter, who attended ſome of the Parliament-men who were once ſent to Scotland to treat with the Scots to join againſt the King, and who was a very active virulent enemy to the Royal Family, as appears from Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory.

The King, you may eaſily imagine, was not a little ſurprized at the diſcovery: but Downing gave him no time for reflection, having immediately ſpoke to him in the following manner:— That he humbly begged his Majeſty's pardon for any ſhare or part he had acted during the rebellion againſt his Royal intereſt; and aſſured him, that though he was juſt now in the ſervice of the Uſurper, he wiſhed his Majeſty as well as any of his ſubjects; and would, when an occaſion offered, venture all for his ſervice; and was hopeful, what he was to ſay would convince his Majeſty of his ſincerity: but before he mentioned the cauſe of his coming to him, he muſt inſiſt that his Majeſty would ſolemnly promiſe to him not to mention what had happened, to Fleming, or any other perſon whatſoever, until it pleaſed God his Majeſty was reſtored to his crowns, when he ſhould not have reaſon to deſire it to be concealed; though

even

even then he muſt likewiſe have his Majeſty's promiſe never to aſk, or expect he ſhould diſcover how or when he came to know of his being there.

The King having ſolemnly engaged in the terms required, Downing proceeded, and told, that his maſter the Uſurper, being now at peace with the Dutch, and the States ſo dependent and obſequious to him that they refuſed nothing he required, had with the greateſt ſecrecy, in order to make it more effectual, entered into a treaty, by which, among other trifling matters, agreed to *hinc inde*, the chief and indeed main end of the negociation was, that the States ſtood engaged to ſeize and deliver up to the Uſurper the perſon of his Majeſty, if ſo be at any time he ſhould happen, by chance or deſign, to come within their territories, when required thereto by any in his name;—and that this treaty, having been ſigned by the States, was ſent to London, from whence it had returned but yeſterday morning, and totally finiſhed yeſternight, betwixt him and a private committee of the States. He repreſented his maſter's intelligence to be ſo good, that a diſcovery would be made even to himſelf (Downing) of his Majeſty's being there; and if he neglected to apply to have him ſeized, his maſter would reſent it to the higheſt, which would infallibly coſt him his head, and deprive

his

his Majeſty of a faithful ſervant. And being deſirous to prevent the miſerable conſequences of what would follow, if his being here was diſcovered, he reſolved to communicate the danger he was in; and, for fear of a future diſcovery, he had diſguiſed himſelf, being reſolved to truſt no perſon with the ſecret. He then propoſed that his Majeſty would immediately mount his horſes, and make all the diſpatch imaginable out of the States' territories: that he himſelf would return home, and, under pretence of ſickneſs, lie longer in bed than uſual; and that when he thought his Majeſty was ſo far off, as to be out of danger to be overtaken, he would go to the States, and acquaint them that he underſtood his Majeſty was in town, and require his being ſeized in the terms of the late treaty: that he knew they would comply, and ſend to the place directed; but, on finding that his Majeſty was gone off ſo far as to be ſafe, he would propoſe to make no farther noiſe about it, leſt it ſhould diſcover the treaty, and prevent his Majeſty's afterwards falling into their hands. The King immediately followed his advice; and he returning home, every thing was acted and happened as he propoſed and foretold.

The King having thus eſcaped this imminent danger, moſt religiouſly performed what he had promiſed,

promiſed, never mentioning any part of this ſtory till after his reſtoration, and not then deſiring to know how Downing's intelligence came, (which he never diſcovered) though he (the King) often ſaid it was a myſtery; for no perſon knew of his deſign till he was on horſeback, and that he could not think Fleming went and diſcovered him to Downing. Beſides, he ſo ſoon returned from his ſiſter, he could not have time, Downing having come much about the time Fleming returned.

This ſtory was told by ſeveral, who frequented King Charles's Court after the reſtoration; particularly by the Earl of Cromartie, who ſaid, that next year after the reſtoration, he, with the Duke of Rothes, and ſeveral other Scots quality, being one night with the King over a bottle, they all complained of an impertinent ſpeech Downing had made in Parliament, reflecting on the Scots nation, which they thought his Majeſty ſhould reſent ſo as to diſcard him from Court, and withdraw his favour from him. The King replied, he did not approve what he had ſaid, and would reprove him for it; but to go farther he could not well do, becauſe of this ſtory, which he reported in the terms here narrated; which made ſuch an impreſſion on all preſent, that they freely forgave what had paſſed, and Rothes aſked liberty to begin his health in a bumper.

On SLEEP.

× O Gentle Sleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoaky cribs
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god! why ly'ſt thou with the vile
In loathſome beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch
A watch-caſe, or a common larum bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude, imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours on the ſlipp'ry ſhrouds,
That with the hurly death itſelf awakes?
Canſt thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude;
And, in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? Then, happy low! lie down;
Uneaſy lies the head that wears a crown.

× Second Part of Henry 4th. Act 3d. Scene 1st.
by Shakespear

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

I. KINSMAN, I preſume you deſire to be happy here, and hereafter; you know there are a thouſand difficulties which attend this purſuit; ſome of them, perhaps, you foreſee, but there are multitudes which you could never think of. Never truſt therefore to your own underſtanding in the things of this world, where you can have the advice of a wiſe and faithful friend; nor dare venture the more important concerns of your ſoul, and your eternal intereſts in the world to come, upon the mere light of nature, and the dictates of your own reaſon; ſince the word of God, and the advice of heaven, lies in your hands. Vain and thoughtleſs indeed are thoſe children of pride, who chooſe to turn heathens in the midſt of Great-Britain; who live upon the mere religion of nature, and their own ſtock, when they have been trained up among all the ſuperior advantages of Chriſtianity, and the bleſſings of divine revelation and grace.

II. Whatever your circumſtances may be in this world, ſtill value your Bible as your beſt treaſure; and whatſoever be your employment here, ſtill look upon Religion as your beſt buſineſs.

Your Bible contains eternal life in it, and all the riches of the upper world; and Religion is the only way to become a poſſeſſor of them.

III. To direct your carriage towards God, converſe particularly with the Book of Pſalms; David was a man of ſincere and eminent devotion. To behave aright among men, acquaint yourſelf with the whole book of Proverbs; Solomon was a man of large experience and wiſdom. And to perfect your directions in both theſe, read the Goſpels and the Epiſtles; you will find the beſt of rules, and the beſt of examples there, and thoſe more immediately ſuited to the Chriſtian life.

IV. As a man, maintain ſtrict temperance and ſobriety, by a wiſe government of your appetites and paſſions; as a neighbour, influence and engage all around you to be your friends, by a temper and carriage made up of prudence and goodneſs; and let the poor have a certain ſhare in all your yearly profits. As a trader, keep that golden ſentence of our Saviour's ever before you, 'Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, do ye alſo unto them.'

V. While you make the precepts of Scripture the conſtant rule of your duty, you may with cou-

rage

rage reſt upon the promiſes of Scripture as the ſprings of your encouragement. All divine aſſiſtances and divine recompences are contained in them. The ſpirit of light and grace is promiſed to aſſiſt them that aſk it. Heaven and glory are promiſed to reward the faithful and the obedient.

VI. In every affair of life, begin with God.—Conſult him in every thing that concerns you. View him as the author of all your bleſſings, and all your hopes, as your beſt friend, and your eternal portion. Meditate on him in this view, with a continual renewal of your truſt in him, and a daily ſurrender of yourſelf to him, till you feel that you love him moſt entirely, that you ſerve him with ſincere delight, and that you cannot live a day without God in the world.

VII. You know yourſelf to be a man, an indigent creature and a ſinner, and you profeſs to be a Chriſtian, a diſciple of the bleſſed Jeſus; but never think you know Chriſt or yourſelf as you ought, till you find a daily need of him for righteouſneſs and ſtrength, for pardon and ſanctification; and let him be your conſtant introducer to the great God, though he ſit upon a throne of grace. Remember his own words, John xiv. 6. "No man cometh to the Father but by me."

VIII. Make prayer a pleaſure, and not a taſk, and then you will not forget nor omit it. If ever you have lived in a praying family, never let it be your fault if you do not live in one always.—Believe that day, that hour, or thoſe minutes, to be all waſted and loſt, which any worldly pretences would tempt you to ſave out of the public worſhip of the church, the certain and conſtant duties of the cloſet, or any neceſſary ſervices for God and godlineſs. Beware leſt a blaſt attend it, and not a bleſſing. If God had not reſerved one day in ſeven to himſelf, I fear Religion would have been loſt out of the world; and every day of the week is expoſed to a curſe which has no morning religion.

IX. See that you watch and labour, as well as pray. Diligence and dependence muſt be united in the practice of every Chriſtian. It is the ſame wiſe man acquaints us, that the hand of the diligent, and the bleſſing of the Lord, join together to make us rich; Prov. x. 4, 22.—rich in the treaſures of body or mind, of time or eternity.

It is your duty, indeed, under a ſenſe of your own weakneſs, to pray daily againſt ſin; but if you would effectually avoid it, you muſt alſo avoid temptation, and every dangerous opportunity.—

Set

Set a double guard whereſoever you feel or ſuſpect an enemy at hand. The world without, and the heart within, have ſo much flattery and deceit in them, that we muſt keep a ſharp eye upon both, leſt we are trapt into miſchief between them.

X. Honour, profit, and pleaſure, have been ſometimes called the world's trinity, they are its three chief idols; each of them is ſufficient to draw a ſoul off from God, and ruin it for ever. Beware of them, therefore, and of all their ſubtle inſinuations, if you would be innocent or happy.

Remember, that the honour which comes from God, the approbation of heaven, and of your own conſcience, are infinitely more valuable than all the eſteem or applauſe of men. Dare not venture one ſtep out of the road of heaven, for fear of being laughed at for walking ſtrictly in it. It is a poor religion that cannot ſtand againſt a jeſt.

Sell not your hopes of heavenly treaſures, nor any thing that belongs to your eternal intereſt, for any of the advantages of the preſent life: "What ſhall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul?"

Remember alſo the words of the Wiſe Man, "He that loveth pleaſure ſhall be a poor man;" he that indulgeth himſelf in "wine and oil," that is, in drinking, in feaſting, and in ſenſual gratifications, "ſhall not be rich." It is one of St. Paul's characters of a moſt degenerated age, when "men become lovers of pleaſure, more than lovers of God." And that "fleſhly luſts war againſt the ſoul," is St. Peter's caveat to the Chriſtians of his time.

XI. Preſerve your conſcience always ſoft and ſenſible. If but one ſin force its way into that tender part of the ſoul, and dwell eaſy there, the road is paved for a thouſand iniquities.

And take heed that, under any ſcruple, doubt, or temptation whatſoever, you never let any reaſonings ſatisfy your conſcience, which will not be a ſufficient anſwer or apology to the Great Judge at the laſt day.

XII. Keep this thought ever in your mind.—It is a world of vanity and vexation in which you live; the flatteries and promiſes of it are vain and deceitful; prepare therefore to meet diſappointments. Many of its occurrences are teaſing and vexatious. In every ruffling ſtorm without, poſ-

ſeſs

ſeſs your ſpirit in patience, and let all be calm and ſerene within. Clouds and tempeſts are only found in the lower ſkies; the heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your heart and hope dwell much in theſe ſerene regions; live as a ſtranger here on earth, but as a citizen of heaven, if you will maintain a ſoul at eaſe.

XIII. Since in many things we offend all, and there is not a day paſſes which is perfectly free from ſin, let "repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jeſus Chriſt," be your daily work.—A frequent renewal of theſe exerciſes, which make a Chriſtian at firſt, will be a conſtant evidence of your ſincere Chriſtianity, and give you peace in life, and hope in death.

XIV. Ever carry about with you ſuch a ſenſe of the uncertainty of every thing in this life, and of life itſelf, as to put nothing off till to-morrow, which you can conveniently do to-day. Dilatory perſons are frequently expoſed to ſurprize and hurry in every thing that belongs to them: the time is come, and they are unprepared. Let the concerns of your ſoul and your ſhop, your trade and your religion, lie always in ſuch order, as far as poſſible, that death, at a ſhort warning, may be no occaſion of a diſquieting tumult in your ſpirit,

rit, and that you may eſcape the anguiſh of a bitter repentance in a dying hour. FAREWELL.

AN UNCOMMON STORY.

HOW irreſiſtible is the power of conſcience! It is a viper which twines itſelf round the heart, and cannot be ſhook off. It lays faſt hold of us; it lies down with us, and ſtings us in our ſleep. It riſes with us, and preys upon our vitals. Hence ancient moraliſts compared an evil conſcience to a vulture feeding upon our liver, and the pangs that are felt by the one to the throws of the other; ſuppoſing at the ſame time the vulture's hunger to be inſatiable, and this entrail to be moſt exquiſitely ſenſible of pain, and to grow as faſt as it is devoured. What can be a ſtronger repreſentation of the moſt lingering and moſt acute corporeal pains? Yet, ſtrong as it is, it falls greatly ſhort of the anguiſh of a guilty conſcience. Imagination, when at reſt, cannot conceive the horrors which, when troubled, it can excite, or the tortures to which it can give birth.

What muſt have been the ſtate of mind of Beſſus, a native of Pelonia, in Greece, when he diſcloſed the following well authenticated fact!—

His

His neighbours ſeeing him one day extremely earneſt in pulling down ſome birds neſts, and paſſionately deſtroying their young, could not help taking notice of it, and upbraiding him with his ill-nature and cruelty to poor creatures, that, by neſtling ſo near him, ſeemed to court his protection and hoſpitality; he replied, that their voice was to him inſufferable, as they never ceaſed twitting him with the murder of his father.

This execrable villainy had lain concealed many years, and never been ſuſpected. In all probability it would never have come to light, had not the avenging fury of conſcience drawn, by theſe extraordinary means, a public acknowledgement of it from the parricide's own mouth.

Beſſus is not the only perſon that has ſtood ſelf-convicted. Though the diſcovery has not been diſtinguiſhed by ſuch a ſtrange circumſtance, many have made a voluntary confeſſion, and ſought for a refuge from the torments of conſcience in death. What a leſſon for all men to keep a conſcience void of offence!

FRIENDSHIP.

AN ALLEGORY.

A Rich merchant had a ſon whom he loved tenderly; he had him brought up with great care, and ſpared nothing to form his heart, and adorn his mind. The young man's education being compleated, he reſolved to make him travel: " Son, (ſaid he, one day to him) know that amidſt the preſſing wants of life, the greateſt of all is a good friend. Prodigality conſumes our wealth, a reverſe of fortune tumbles the moſt powerful into adverſity; but it is death only can rob us of a friend, as it does of ourſelves; it is the only advantage that no human power can deprive us of. Find but one friend in the courſe of your life, and you will find the firſt and greateſt of all bleſſings. It is therefore, ſon, I deſire you ſhould traverſe the world; travelling will give true experience; the more men we have ſeen, the more we know how to live among them. The world is a great book that will give him proper information who learns to read in it; it is a faithful mirror that repreſents to our eyes all the objects whoſe knowledge may convey inſtruction to us. Depart, ſon, and think particularly in your excurſions of making no valuable acquiſition, but of a true friend.

friend. Sacrifice, if neceſſary, in that view, whatever you may have moſt precious."

The young man took leave of his father, and paſſed into a country not far diſtant from that which he left. He ſojourned there but a ſhort time, and returned to his own. "I did not expect you ſo ſoon," ſaid the father to him, ſurprized at his quick return.

"You ordered me (anſwered the ſon) to ſeek out a friend, and I can occaſionally produce fifty, all patterns of true friendſhip."

"Son, (anſwered the merchant) make not too free with ſo ſacred a name; have you forgot the trite adage? 'You muſt eat a peck of ſalt with your friend before you know him;' that is, do not brag of your friend till you have fully proved him. Friendſhip is a rare, a very rare thing; the moſt of thoſe who pretend to that title retain only the maſk: they reſemble a ſummer cloud that is melted down by the leaſt ray of the ſun; they behave in regard to thoſe whom they pretend to love, as the votaries of Bacchus do to a full flaſk of wine: they embrace it enamoured as long as it contains any of the enchanting liquor, and ſcornfully throw it away ſo ſoon as it is emptied: I greatly fear that

thoſe you ſeem ſo well pleaſed with, reſemble the falſe ſouls I have here given you the picture of."

" Father, (ſaid the young man) your diffidence is unjuſt; thoſe I regard as my friends will ſee me in adverſity with hearts uneſtranged, and their affections unaltered."

" I have now lived ſeventy years, (ſaid the merchant) I have made a trial of good and adverſe fortune; I have narrowly inſpected into a number of men; and in ſo long a revolution of years, ſcarce was I able to acquire one friend; how then, at your age, and in ſo ſhort a time, could you find fifty? Learn from me to know mankind."

The merchant cut the throat of a ſheep, put it into a ſack, and beſmear'd his ſon's cloaths with the animal's blood. All neceſſary preparations being thus made for the deſigns he had formed, he deferred the execution of it till night. He took up the ſack with the ſheep's carcaſe, laid it on the young man's ſhoulders, and gave him proper inſtructions concerning the part he was to act. Both left home in that condition.

The young man knocks at the door of one of the fifty friends. He opens it to him with a ſeeming

ing air of fondneſs and alacrity, and aſks him the reaſon of his coming. " It is in misfortunes (ſaid the merchant's ſon) that we prove thoſe we love. I often mentioned to you the old grudge ſubſiſting between my family and that of a Lord of the Court. Chance would have it that we met each other in a bye place;—hatred armed our hands; I ſaw him ſtretched lifeleſs at my feet. Fearing to be purſued by juſtice, I took up his body, and it is in the ſack you ſee on my ſhoulders: I beg you will hide it in your houſe, till the affair is blown over, and nothing more heard of it."

" My houſe is ſo ſmall, (anſwered the friend, with a forbidding and embarraſſed look) that it can hardly contain the living that dwell in it, far from making room in it for a dead body. None are ignorant of the long foſtered hatred between you and the lord you have killed: it will be immediately ſuſpected that you are the author of his death; ſtrict enquiry will be made; and as our friendſhip is publicly known, they will begin with my houſe: it will avail you nothing to involve me in your miſhap: the only ſervice I can render you is to keep your ſecret."

The young man reiterated the moſt preſſing inſtances, but all to no purpoſe. At length deſpairing

ing to move the ingrate, he made ſucceſſive application to the fifty perſons, on whom he had ſlightly grounded his hopes, and fifty times over he met with the ſame reception.

"Now, ſon, (ſaid the merchant) be convinced of the little dependence you ſhould have on men. Where has vaniſhed the zeal of thoſe you laviſhed ſuch pompous encomiums on? They have all deſerted you in your diſgrace. They are painted walls, clouds without rain, trees that bear no fruit: But I muſt ſhew you the difference there is between one only friend that I have and yours."

Still talking over the affair, they arrived before the gate of him whom he repreſented to his ſon as the pattern of perfect friendſhip. He related to him his ſon's pretended misfortune. "Oh! thrice happy day! (ſaid he) that furniſhes me with the opportunity of proving to you my attachment; truſt to me, and you will do juſtice to my friendſhip: my houſe is large enough to keep concealed in it a thouſand dead bodies; but though even I ſhould incur danger myſelf, I ſhall gladly face it in hopes of ſaving you. Repair with your ſon to my eſtate in the country; you may live there in peace, unknown, and undiſturbed by any enquiries of juſtice."

The

The merchant, after having thanked his friend for his generous offers, ſaid, "All that I have told you is but a fable, invented to teach my ſon to diſcern between falſe and true friends.

ANECDOTE

OF A KING OF PORTUGAL.

ALONZO the Fourth, ſurnamed the Brave, aſcended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleaſures of the chace engroſſed all his attention. His confidants and favourites encouraged and allured him to it. His time was ſpent in the foreſts of Cintra, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by thoſe whoſe intereſt it was to keep their Sovereign in ignorance. His preſence at laſt being neceſſary at Liſbon, he entered the council with all the briſk impetuoſity of a young ſportſman, and with great familiarity and gaiety entertained his Nobles with the hiſtory of a whole month ſpent in hunting, in ſhooting, and fiſhing. When he had finiſhed his narrative, a nobleman of the firſt rank roſe up.—"Courts and camps," ſaid he, "were allotted for Kings, not woods and deſarts. Even the affairs of private men ſuffer, when re-

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creation

creation is preferred to buſineſs. But when the whims of pleaſure engroſs the thoughts of a King, a whole nation is conſigned to ruin. We came here for other purpoſes than to hear the exploits of the chace; which are only intelligible to grooms and falconers. If your Majeſty will attend to the wants and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient ſubjects; if not"—The King, ſtarting with rage, interrupted him: 'If not what?' "If not," reſumed the nobleman, in a firm tone, "they will look for another and a better King."

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

"LIFE," ſays Seneca, "is a voyage, in the pro-
"greſs of which we are perpetually changing
"our ſcenes: we firſt leave childhood behind us,
"then youth, then the years of ripened manhood,
"then the better and more pleaſing part of old
"age."—The peruſal of this paſſage having incited in me a train of reflections on the ſtate of man, the inceſſant fluctuation of his wiſhes, the gradual change of his diſpoſition to all external objects, and the thoughtleſſneſs with which he floats along the ſtream of time, I ſunk into a ſlumber amidſt my meditations, and on a ſudden found my

my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the ſhouts of alacrity, the ſhrieks of alarm, the whiſtle of winds, and the daſh of waters.

My aſtoniſhment for a time repreſſed my curioſity; but ſoon recovering myſelf ſo far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cauſe of ſuch clamour and confuſion, I was told they were launching out into the *ocean of life*; that we had already paſſed the ſtreights of infancy, in which multitudes had periſhed, ſome by the weakneſs and fragility of their veſſels, and more by the folly, perverſeneſs, or negligence of thoſe who undertook to ſteer them; and that we were now on the main ſea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of ſecurity than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chooſe among great numbers that offered their direction and aſſiſtance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerneſs; and firſt turning my eyes behind me, ſaw a ſtream flowing through the flowery iſlands, which every one that ſailed along ſeemed to behold with pleaſure; but no ſooner touched, than the current, which, though not noiſy or turbulent, was yet irreſiſtible, bore him away. Beyond theſe iſlands

all was darkneſs, nor could any of the paſſengers deſcribe the ſhore at which he firſt embarked.

Before me, and on each other ſide, was an expanſe of waters violently agitated, and covered with ſo thick a miſt, that the moſt perſpicuous eye could ſee but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many ſunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full ſails, and inſulting thoſe whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and ſo thick the darkneſs, that no caution could confer ſecurity. Yet there were many, who, by falſe intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence puſhed thoſe whom they found in their way againſt the rocks.

The current was invariable and inſurmountable, but though it was impoſſible to ſail againſt it, or to return to the place that was once paſſed, yet it was not ſo violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, ſince, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to ſteer with much care or prudence; for by ſome univerſal infatuation, every man appeared to think himſelf

ſelf ſafe, though he ſaw his conſorts every moment ſinking round him; and no ſooner had the waves cloſed over them, than their fate and their miſconduct were forgotten; the voyage was purſued with the ſame jocund confidence; every man congratulated himſelf upon the ſoundneſs of his veſſel, and believed himſelf able to ſtem the whirlpool in which his friend was ſwallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was daſhed: nor was it often obſerved that the ſight of a wreck made any man change his courſe; if he turned aſide for a moment, he ſoon forgot the rudder, and left himſelf again to the diſpoſal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from wearineſs of their preſent condition; for not one of thoſe who thus ruſhed upon deſtruction, failed, when he was ſinking, to call loudly upon his aſſociates for that help which could not now be given him; and many ſpent their laſt moments in cautioning others againſt the folly by which they were intercepted in the midſt of their courſe. Their benevolence was ſometimes praiſed, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The veſſels in which we had embarked being confeſſedly unequal to the turbulence of the ſtream of life, were viſibly impaired in the courſe of the

voyage; ſo that every paſſenger was certain, that how long ſoever he might, by favourable accidents, or by inceſſant vigilance, be preſerved, he muſt ſink at laſt.

This neceſſity of periſhing might have been expected to ſadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at leaſt to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the ſolace of their labours; yet in effect none ſeemed leſs to expect deſtruction than thoſe to whom it was moſt dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themſelves; and thoſe who knew their inability to bear the ſight of the terrors that embarraſſed their way, took care never to look forward, but found ſome amuſement for the preſent moment, and generally entertained themſelves by playing with Hope, who was the conſtant aſſociate on the voyage of life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promiſe, even to thoſe whom ſhe favoured moſt, was, not that they ſhould eſcape, but that they ſhould ſink laſt; and with this promiſe every one was ſatisfied, though he laughed at the reſt for ſeeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity

of

of her companions; for in proportion as their veſſels grew leaky, ſhe redoubled her aſſurances of ſafety; and none were more buſy in making proviſions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themſelves ſaw likely to periſh ſoon by irreparable decay.

In the midſt of the current of life was the Gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interſperſed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage on which Eaſe ſpread couches of repoſe, and with ſhades where Pleaſure warbled the ſong of invitation. Within ſight of theſe rocks all who ſailed on the ocean of life muſt neceſſarily paſs. Reaſon, indeed, was always at hand to ſteer the paſſengers through a narrow outlet by which they might eſcape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonſtrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without ſtipulating that ſhe ſhould approach ſo near unto the rocks of Pleaſure, that they might ſolace themſelves with a ſhort enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to purſue their courſe without any other deviation.

Reaſon was too often prevailed upon ſo far by theſe promiſes, as to venture her charge within the eddy

eddy of the Gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumlocution was weak, but yet interrupted the courſe of the veſſel, and drew it by inſenſible rotations towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat, but the draught of the gulph was generally too ſtrong to be overcome; and the paſſenger, having danced in circles with a pleaſing and giddy velocity, was at laſt overwhelmed and loſt. Thoſe few whom Reaſon was able to extricate, generally ſuffered ſo many ſhocks upon the points which ſhot out from the rocks of Pleaſure, that they were unable to continue their courſe with the ſame ſtrength and facility as before, but floated along timorouſly and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and ſhattered by every ruffle of the water, till they ſunk by ſlow degrees, after long ſtruggles and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others againſt the firſt approach of the Gulph of Intemperance.

There were artiſts who profeſſed to repair the breaches and ſtop the leaks of the veſſels which had been ſhattered on the rocks of Pleaſure.—Many appeared to have great confidence in their ſkill, and ſome, indeed, were preſerved by it from ſinking, who had received only a ſingle blow; but I remarked that few veſſels laſted long which had been

been much repaired, nor was it found that the artiſts themſelves continued afloat longer than thoſe who had leaſt of their aſſiſtance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they ſunk later, and more ſuddenly; for they paſſed forward till they had ſometimes ſeen all thoſe in whoſe company they had iſſued from the ſtreights of infancy, periſh in the way, and at laſt were overſet by a croſs breeze, without the toil of reſiſtance, or the anguiſh of expectation. But ſuch as had often fallen againſt the rocks of Pleaſure, commonly ſubſided by ſenſible degrees, contended long with the incroaching waters, and harraſſed themſelves by labours that ſcarce Hope herſelf could flatter with ſucceſs.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was ſuddenly alarmed with an admonition from ſome unknown Power, " Gaze not idly upon others, when thou thyſelf art ſinking. Whence is this thoughtleſs tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and ſeeing the Gulph of Intemperance before me, ſtarted and awaked.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES II.

A Perſon of very mean abilities and appearance, having an ambition to be knighted, his money prevailed upon ſome of the courtiers to ſolicit that favour for him from the King.—Charles, who could ſcarce ever refuſe a man he liked any thing, particularly if it was mentioned over a bottle, promiſed it; and next day, when he came to go through the ceremony, his conſciouſneſs of not deſerving ſuch an honour made him kneel at too great a diſtance; upon which the King, ſeeing his embarraſſment, good-humouredly cried out, "Come, come, Sir, be recollected; 'tis I, not you, have the greateſt reaſon to be aſhamed in this buſineſs."

VERSES ON MRS. SIDDONS.

SIDDONS! bright ſubject for a poet's page!
Born to augment the glory of the ſtage!
Our ſoul of tragedy reſtor'd I ſee;
A Garrick's genius is renew'd in thee.
To give our nature all its glorious courſe;
With moral beauty, with reſiſtleſs force,

To

To call forth all the paſſions of the mind,
The good, the brave, the vengeful, the refin'd,
The ſigh, the thrill, the ſtart, the angel's tear;
Thy *Iſabella* is our Garrick's *Lear*.

'Tis not the beauties of thy form alone,
Thy graceful motion, thy impaſſion'd tone;
Thy charming attitudes, thy magic pauſe
That ſpeaks the eloquence of Nature's laws;
Not theſe have giv'n thee high theatric fame,
Nor fir'd the muſe to celebrate thy name.

When Thomſon's epithets, to nature true,
Recal her brighteſt glories to my view;
Whene'er his mind-illumin'd aſpect brings
The look that ſpeaks unutterable things;
In fancy, then, thy image I ſhall ſee;
Then, heavenly artiſt, I ſhall think on thee!
Whatever paſſion animates thine eye;
Thence, whether pity ſteals, or terrors fly;
Or heav'n commands, to fix averſe benign,
With pow'r miraculous thy face to ſhine;
Whatever feeling 'tis thy aim to move,
Fear, veng'ance, hate, benevolence, or love;
Still do thy looks uſurp divine controul,
And on their objects rivet all the ſoul:
Thy light'ning far outſtrips the poet's race;
E'en Otway's numbers yield to Siddons' face.

Long after thou haſt clos'd the glowing ſcene;
Withdrawn thy killing, or tranſporting mien;
Humanely haſt remov'd from mortal ſight,
Thoſe eyes that ſhed inſufferable light;
Effects continue, rarely ſeen before;
The tumult of the paſſions is not o'er;
Imagin'd miſeries we ſtill deplore:

E'en yet diſtreſs on meditation grows,
E'en yet I feel all *Iſabella*'s woes;
The dreadful thoughts, rais'd by the magic ring,
With all her agonies my boſom ſting;
I feel, where Byron aſcertains his life
All the ſevere amazement of the wife:
When ſhe, by force, from his remains is borne,
Myſelf, by ruffians, from myſelf am torn:
Where the keen dagger gives her ſoul relief,
Frees her from frenzy, and o'erwhelming grief;
At vain compaſſion, with her lateſt breath,
I laugh, and triumph in fictitious death.

ON THE NECESSITY OF SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

IT is a point agreed upon by the wiſe, the virtuous, and the religious, that ſelf-acquaintance

ance is of conſiderable weight and conſequence to every one of us.

Surely then it muſt be worth our while to examine into the cauſes of our diſguſt to this important branch of knowledge.

Among other cauſes of that uſual indifference which mankind in general diſcover to a thorough acquaintance and knowledge of themſelves, may be mentioned an immoderate thirſt after pleaſure.

This truth will appear very evident, if we conſider, in the firſt place, that pleaſure is always ſure to engroſs the heart of that man who addicts himſelf to it; and, in the ſecond place, that it enervates and diſqualifies the mind for all laborious purſuits. The love of pleaſure is that commanding paſſion which uſurps deſpotic power, and ſuffers no power to approach its throne, or diſpute with it the empire of the human breaſt. And whoever yields himſelf up to pleaſure forfeits his liberty, and will find it a moſt difficult taſk to break looſe from his bonds. Miſerable, then, are thoſe captives, to whom enlargement and freedom are almoſt impoſſible acquiſitions! How cautious ought we to be of all ſuch ſurrenders of ourſelves, as preclude us the power of acting a wiſer part for

the future! How careful to ſhun ſuch engagements as are incompatible with thought and reflection, and leave no room for the reſpective offices and duties of life! engagements which render youth inglorious, and old age contemptible.

But ſuch caution appears additionally neceſſary, when we conſider the pernicious influences and effects of pleaſure on the mind of man; that it not only alienates our affections from God, ſeduces us from our duty, and arrogates the ſole poſſeſſion of our hearts; but what is a more dangerous evil ſtill, it likewiſe emaſculates the human mind, enervates all the powers of the ſoul, and diſables us from the purſuit of what is great and good.

To a man who prizes liberty and independence, captivity is one of the greateſt calamities which can befal him. But the loſs of freedom, accompanied with the loſs of ſtrength—a ſtate of ſervitude, and at the ſame time an impotence of reaſon to extricate him out of his ſlavery—are ſurely the ſoreſt misfortunes that can happen to humanity; and more particularly when we ſubjoin, that pleaſure not only robs us of our ſtrength, but intoxicates the underſtanding, reconciles to us our fetters, and renders us averſe to a diſcharge from our bondage. The knowledge of ourſelves is a laborious

ſtudy,

ſtudy, and requires conſtant attention and indefatigable induſtry. No wonder, then, that a mind immerſed in pleaſures, is reluctant to this arduous taſk; ſuch averſion is the natural conſequence of voluptuouſneſs and effeminacy. It may, with the ſtricteſt propriety, be ſaid of pleaſure, "that her poiſon is like the poiſon of a ſerpent, and that the votaries of pleaſure are like the deaf adder, that ſtoppeth her ear, which refuſeth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never ſo wiſely."

What has been ſaid upon the ſubject of Pleaſure will hold good with reſpect to Wealth and Ambition. The leading paſſion, *whatever it be*, is always imperious and clamorous in its demands, and never can brook a competitor. Talk to him, that is greedy of gain, or to the ambitious perſon, about ſelf-acquaintance; urge the dignity of the ſcience, and expatiate upon its extenſive advantages, and you ſhall be ſure to find yourſelf a moſt unwelcome preceptor. Solicit the attentive regards of that man, whoſe heated imagination exhibits ſplendours and titles to his view; attempt converſation with the man of buſineſs, who riſes early, and ſits up late, and eats the bread of carefulneſs, in order to accumulate riches; and what reception will you meet with from either of theſe characters? Like Felix, although converts to the truth

truth of your doctrine, they will dismiss you in haste, and say, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." And indeed, if they proceed so far, it is the utmost you are to expect from them: for, as the promise is conditional, and that convenient season will never arrive, so the performance of their promise will never be fulfilled.

But it is not always levity or laziness; it is not only the love of pleasure, honour, or riches, which keeps men off from an acquaintance with their own hearts; it is sometimes a strong suspicion that their breasts will not bear an inspection. They have reason to fear that things go wrong *there*, and therefore they decline all inquiries; as they who run behind-hand in the world do not care to look into their books. Sad indeed is the case of that man, whose guilt deters him from all researches into his own bosom; but nevertheless, he will do well to consider, that, however painful such examinations may be, they are absolutely necessary to prevent further accessions of guilt, and by a sincere repentance to cancel his former score.

An HYMN

COMPOSED FOR THE USE OF

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

FATHER of Mercies! God of Grace!
Each perfect gift is thine;
Through various channels flow the ſtreams,
The ſource is ſtill divine.

Thy kindneſs call'd us into life;
And all the good we know,
Each preſent comfort, future hope,
Thy liberal hands beſtow.

The friends whoſe charity provides
This refuge where to flee,
From want, from ignorance, and vice,
Were raiſed up by thee.

To Thee we owe the full ſupply,
Which by their hands is given;
To make us uſeful here below,
And train our ſouls for heaven.

May health and peace attend them here,
And every joy above;
While we improve with grateful hearts,
The labour of their love.

OF THE
BATTLE OF MARATHON.

THE Hiſtory of Perſia, after the reign of Cyrus, who died in the year before Chriſt 529, offers little, conſidered in itſelf, that merits our regard. But when combined with that of Greece, it becomes particularly intereſting.

The Monarchs, who ſucceeded Cyrus, gave an opportunity to the Greeks to exerciſe thoſe virtues, which the freedom of their government had created and confirmed. Sparta remained under the influence of Lycurgus's inſtitutions. Athens had juſt recovered from the tyranny of the Piſiſtratidæ, a family who had trampled on the laws of Solon, and uſurped the ſupreme power.

Such was their ſituation, when the luſt of univerſal empire, which ſeldom fails to torment the breaſts of tyrants, led Darius to ſend forth his numerous armies into Greece.

But the Perſians were no longer thoſe invincible ſoldiers, who, under Cyrus, had conquered Aſia. Their minds were enervated by luxury and ſervitude.

Athens,

Athens, on the contrary, teemed with great men, whoſe minds were nobly animated by the late recovery of their freedom. Miltiades, in the plains of Marathon, with ten thouſand Athenians, overcame the Perſian army of an hundred thouſand foot and ten thouſand cavalry, in the year before Chriſt 490.

This memorable day reflected the higheſt glory on Miltiades. To prevent his little army from being ſurrounded by the enemy, he drew it up with a mountain in the rear, extended his front as much as poſſible, placed his chief ſtrength in the wings, and cauſed a great number of trees to be cut down, to keep off the enemy's cavalry from charging them in flank.

The Athenians ruſhed forwards on the Perſians like ſo many furious lions. This is remarked to have been the firſt time that they advanced to the attack running. By their impetuoſity, they opened a lane through the enemy, and ſupported with the greateſt firmneſs the charge of the Perſians.

The battle, at firſt, was fought by both parties with great valour and obſtinacy. But the wings of the Athenian army, where, as we have juſt ſaid, Miltiades had placed his chief ſtrength, at-

tacking the main body of the enemy in flank, threw them into irretrievable confuſion. Six thouſand Perſians periſhed on the ſpot, and amongſt the reſt the traitor Hippias, the principal occaſion of the war. The reſt of the Perſian army quickly fled, and abandoned to the victors their camp full of riches.

Thus the Athenians obtained a victory, more real than probable. Animated by their ſucceſs they purſued the Perſians to their very ſhips, of which they took ſeven, and ſet fire to ſeveral more.

On this occaſion, one Cynegirus, an Athenian, after performing prodigies of valour in the field, endeavoured to prevent a particular galley from putting to ſea, and for that purpoſe held it faſt with his right hand: when his right hand was cut off, he then ſeized the galley with his left, which being likewiſe cut off, he took hold of it with his teeth, and kept it ſo till he died.

Another ſoldier, all covered over with the blood of the enemy, ran to announce the victory at Athens, and after crying out, "Rejoice, we are conquerors," fell dead in the preſence of his fellow-citizens.

The

The Greeks, in this engagement, loſt only 200 men. Ariſtides and Themiſtocles diſtinguiſhed themſelves very highly in the battle; but Miltiades gained the chief glory. As a reward for his extraordinary merits, and to perpetuate the memory of his ſkill and bravery, they cauſed a picture to be painted by Polygnotus, one of the moſt celebrated artiſts, where Miltiades was repreſented, at the head of the ten commanders, exhorting the ſoldiers, and ſetting them an example of their duty. This picture was preſerved for many ages, with other paintings of the beſt maſters, in the portico, where Zeno afterwards inſtituted his ſchool of philoſophy.

ANECDOTE

OF AN

ATTORNEY AND HIS CLIENT.

A Late popular character, when very young, was a candidate for Berwick upon Tweed; and being returned, preferred a petition to the Houſe of Commons, retaining a certain eminent council, with a fee of fifty guineas. Juſt before this buſineſs was about to come into the Houſe, the barriſter, who had in the interval changed his

political ſentiments, ſent word he could not poſſibly plead. On this, the candidate immediately waited on his advocate, mildly expoſtulated and remonſtrated, but all in vain, he would not by any means conſent either to plead or return the money; adding, with a ſneer of profeſſional inſolence, that 'the law was open, and that he might have recourſe, if he conceived himſelf injured.' "No, no, Sir," replied the ſpirited client, "I was weak enough to give you a fee, but I am not quite fool enough to go to law with you; as I perceive my whole fortune may be waſted in retaining fees alone, before I find one honeſt barriſter to plead for me. I have therefore brought my advocate in my pocket!" Then taking out a brace of piſtols, he offered one to the aſtoniſhed counſellor; and proteſted that before he quitted the room he would either have his money or ſatisfaction. The money was accordingly returned; but loſing ſo able an advocate, the juſtice of his cauſe prevented not the failure of his application.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

DEATH is the moſt awful and intereſting ſubject on which the thoughts of man can be employed; and I have always conſidered it as one of

of the wonderful circumſtances in human nature, that, notwithſtanding the abſolute certainty with which every man knows that he is to die, ſo great a proportion of life is paſſed without thinking of it at all. It is true, the preciſe time and manner of it are concealed from men in general, capital convicts only having that knowledge imparted to them: and this obſcurity, at the utmoſt verge of our proſpect, inſtead of ſhocking the mind as a determinate object of terror does, ſeems to yield and recede from its approach, and gives room for fancy to form a ſlender ſpecious hope, which floats in the void, unleſs cruſhed by a cloſe examination. But it is ſurely ſtrange, that beings of ſtrong intelligence and vigorous views of futurity, ſhould be kept quiet, and prevented from ſtarting, by ſo thin a veil.

In this, as in a thouſand other inſtances, we cannot but diſcern, with the fulleſt conviction, the wiſe and kind operations of Providence; which having found it neceſſary that we ſhould continue for a time in this ſtate of exiſtence, in our progreſs to a better, diſpoſes our minds to receive ſuch a degree of apprehenſion of death, as to make every one, not void of reflection, reſolve at leaſt to exert his endeavours in preparing for his great change; while at the ſame time, preſent concerns,

by

by their immediate influence, preſerve his lively and moſt frequent attention.

The greateſt object, if viewed at a prodigious diſtance, will not affect our perceptions ſo ſtrongly as a much ſmaller one that is near to us. Thus it is as to Death, and the comparatively little objects which occur in the courſe of our lives. We are ſo framed, that what is preſent muſt ever paſs upon us ſo ſtrongly as to render us little concerned about the future, unleſs we are able to counteract the natural workings of our minds by ſtudied intellectual exertions and contrary habits. This is not to be done in any degree, without more than ordinary ſpiritual acquirements; and ſuch are the unceaſing effects of mere ſenſation, and its conſequences, that I queſtion if even the Monks of La Trappe, whoſe whole time was ſpent in the cloſeſt ſeclusion and ſilence, and exerciſes of ſolemn meditation and piety, were able in reality to fix their thoughts upon Death during any conſiderable part of each day. Their form of ſalutation to each other being the only words which they were permitted to ſpeak, viz. *memento mori*, remember to die, is a proof that they require to have their recollection occaſionally awakened; as Philip of Macedon had one, who every morning, in the midſt

midſt of his magnificence and power, whiſpered him, *Remember, Sir, you are a man.*

It has been argued by ſome ingenious and fanciful men, whoſe abilities were not great enough to make them diſtinguiſhed upon plain and common ground, and who therefore placed themſelves on the ſummits of ſingularity:—it has been argued by ſuch, that the fear of Death is not natural to mankind; that the Savage, who is to be admired and envied *as the man of nature*, lives in health, and dies in tranquillity; and that all the dreary notions of mortality have been produced by Prieſts, to ſubject the minds of their fellow-creatures to their influence.

That the fear of Death will be leſs terrible, in proportion as a being thinks leſs, I ſhall not deny. But I ſuppoſe few of my readers would incline to be degraded to the ſtate of the lamb, whoſe inconſiderate fearleſſneſs is ſo well deſcribed by Pope:

" Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flowery food,
" And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed its blood."

Neither, I hope, would many be content to obtain an exemption from their awful anxiety, at the

the price of being turned into Savages. That Savages have not the fear of Death, I do not believe: but if it is ſo, the reaſon can only be, that their whole attention is occupied in procuring themſelves food, and watching for ſafety; ſo that their views extend not to futurity, more than thoſe of the wild beaſt of the deſart. For it is matter of demonſtration, that if the thoughts of Death come into the mind of man at all, they muſt ſtrike him with at leaſt a very ſerious concern.

Shakeſpeare puts into the mouth of Julius Cæſar this ſpeech:

" Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taſte of Death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould fear;
Seeing that Death, a neceſſary end,
Will come when it will come."

Of this paſſage, the two firſt lines are exceedingly animated; but the reſt of it is, in my opinion, an irrational rhapſody. For, ſurely, it is not the moſt ſtrange of all wonders, that one ſhould fear Death, ſince it cannot be diſputed that Death involves in it every object of regret, and every poſſibility of evil.

If

If Death is to be conſidered as the extinction of our being, I need only appeal to the genuine feelings of every one of my readers for the juſtice of the reflections in Addiſon's celebrated ſoliloquy of Cato, though lately cavilled at by a French Philoſopher and Critic.

The thought of being at once and for ever deprived of every thing that is agreeable and dear to us, muſt doubtleſs be very diſtreſſing. If to part with one affectionate friend, to loſe one valuable piece of property, gives us pain, what muſt be the affliction, which the thought of parting with all our friends, and loſing all our property, muſt occaſion?

It is in vain for the Sophiſt to argue, that upon the ſuppoſition of our being annihilated, we ſhall have no affliction; as we can have no conſciouſneſs: for all but very dull men will confeſs, that though we may be inſenſible of the reality when it takes place, the *thought* of it is diſmal. But nobody can be *certain* of annihilation; and the thought of entering upon a ſcene of being, altogether unknown, which *may be* unhappy in an extreme degree, is, without queſtion, very alarming. If a man were to be put on board a ſhip which had landed in Britain from a remote region,

with which, and its inhabitants, we are utterly unacquainted, and ſhould know that he is never to return home again, but to paſs the reſt of his days in that region, he would, I believe, be reckoned very ſtupid if he ſhould be unconcerned. Yet Death preſents to the imagination ſuppoſitions ſtill more terrifying.

In the Play of *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Shakeſpeare gives us moſt natural, as well as highly poetical ſentiments of Death, in the character of *Claudio*; who, after his ſiſter has talked with unthinking levity, thus

" Oh! were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin."

Seriouſly expreſſes himſelf in a ſhort ſentence,

" Death's a fearful thing."

And a little after,

" Aye, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;

To

To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, impriſonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of Death."

Thus an Infidel, who has a lively imagination, may, upon his own principles, be frightened when he thinks of Death. For infidelity, as to a future ſtate, can carry a man no farther than ſcepticiſm; and it is ſufficient to excite fear in a ſtrong degree, that ſuch horrible ſituations as Shakeſpeare fancies, in the verſes which I have juſt quoted, are even poſſible.

Neither, in my apprehenſion, can any man, whoſe mind is not naturally dull, or grown callous by age, be without uneaſineſs when he looks forward to the act of diſſolution itſelf. A hypochondriac fancies himſelf at different times ſuffering Death in all the various ways in which it has been obſerved; and thus he dies many times before his death. I myſelf have been frequently terrified, and diſmally afflicted in this way, nor

can I yet ſecure my mind againſt it at gloomy ſeaſons of dejection.

When one has found relief by any remedy, however accidental, it is humane to mention it to others. I am therefore to inform my hypochondriac brethren, who may have the ſame horrible imaginations of Death which I have had, that I have found ſenſible conſolations from a very pretty paſſage, which I chanced to read ſeveral years ago, which is thus:

" It is certain, indeed, that the fear of Death is one of the ſtrongeſt paſſions implanted in human nature, and wiſely ordained by Providence as a ſort of guard to retain mankind within their appointed ſtation. Yet, poſſibly, there are not thoſe agonies in dying which are uſually ſuppoſed: many things appear more formidable in imagination, than they are in reality. When we are in perfect health and vivacity, we have a horrible idea of ſickneſs and confinement. But when we are actually ſick or confined, we are more inſenſible to the pleaſures and gaieties of the world, and reconciled to the alteration. As our diſtemper increaſes, we begin to be diſguſted with life, and wiſh to be releaſed. The aſpect of Death becomes more familiar as it approaches. As nature ſinks into

into diſſolution, we gradually loſe the power of ſenſation. The interval of departure is ſhort and tranſient; the change imperceptible. No reflection, and therefore no pain, ſucceeds. The ſoul forgets her anxiety, and ſinks into repoſe; and if there is a pain, there is, upon Chriſtian principles, a bliſs in dying.

"We may perhaps reconcile ourſelves, in ſome meaſure, to the thoughts of our deceaſe, by obſerving how ſleep pervades the human frame, and ſuſpends its operations. With what eaſe do we paſs from waking to ſleeping! With how little concern do we part with the knowledge of light, and of ourſelves! And if this temporary inſenſibility, this image of Death, ſteals upon us imperceptibly; if we feel an inexpreſſible ſweetneſs in that ſituation, why may we not imagine that the ſenſes glide away in the ſame ſoft and eaſy manner, when nature ſinks into the profoundeſt repoſe?"

There are few more beautiful pieces of writing than this, which was extracted from the Critical Review, in giving an account of Dr. Stennett's Diſcourſes on Perſonal Religion.—A ſtriking and expreſſive deſcription of the horrors of dying is quoted from that book; upon which the Reviewer has

has made the aforeſaid reflection. Indeed, I have often wondered at the excellence of writing which I have found in the Reviews, when I conſidered that the authors were anonymous, and could not be ſtimulated by the hopes of praiſe.

Notwithſtanding my perſuaſion that the fear of Death is rational, and will ever be found in a thinking being, I am very willing to allow all proper reſpect to that firmneſs and fortitude of which ſome are poſſeſſed; who, whilſt they are ſenſible of the awful importance of launching from one ſtate of being into another, ſupport the thoughts of it with a calmneſs and humble hope becoming at once the dignity of human nature, and the humble confidence of piety.

On GAMING.

As Gaming is frequently the ſource of that fearful murderous hatred which has lately been a terror to the nation, I think it would be doing an acceptable public ſervice to ſhew in what deteſtation it is held by the whole community aſſembled in Parliament; and this cannot be better done than by a tranſcription from the learned Black-

Blackſtone, in which he exhibits a beautiful diſplay and liberality of ſentiments.

After having ſet forth what proviſion the wiſdom of legiſlature has made againſt luxury, that baleful plague and ruinous peſt of ſociety; and mentioned that by 10 Edw. III. ſtat. 3, no man ſhall be ſerved at dinner or ſupper with more than two courſes, except upon ſome great holidays, there ſpecified, in which he may be ſerved with *three*. He introduces Gaming as the natural offſpring of luxury, and ſays, "Next to that of luxury, naturally follows the offence of Gaming, which is generally introduced to ſupply or retrieve the expences occaſioned by the former; it being a kind of tacit confeſſion that the company engaged therein do, in general, exceed the bounds of their reſpective fortunes; and therefore they caſt lots, to determine upon whom the ruin ſhall fall, that the reſt may be ſaved a little longer." But taken in any light, it is an offence of the moſt alarming nature; tending, by neceſſary conſequences, to promote public idleneſs, theft, and debauchery, among thoſe of a lower claſs: and among perſons of a ſuperior, it has been frequently attended with the ſudden ruin and deſolation of ancient and opulent families, an abandoned proſtitution of every principle of honour and virtue, and too often

often has ended in ſelf-murder. To reſtrain this vice among the inferior ſort of people, the ſtatute 33 Henry VIII. c. 9, was made; which prohibits, to all but gentlemen, the games of tennis, tables, cards, dice, bowls, and other unlawful diverſions therein ſpecified, unleſs in the time of Chriſtmas, under pecuniary pains and impriſonment. And the ſame law, and alſo the ſtat. 30 Geo. II. c. 24, inflict pecuniary penalties as well upon the maſter of any public-houſe wherein ſervants are permitted to game, as upon the ſervants themſelves, who are found to be gaming there.—But this is not the principal ground of modern complaints: it is the gaming in high life that demands the attention of Magiſtrates; a paſſion in which every valuable conſideration is made a ſacrifice, and which we ſeem to have inherited from our anceſtors, the ancient Germans, whom Tacitus deſcribes to have been bewitched with the ſpirit of play to a moſt exorbitant degree. "They addict themſelves (ſays he) to dice, (which is wonderful) when ſober, and as a ſerious employment; with ſuch a mad deſire of winning or loſing, that when ſtripped of every thing elſe, they will ſtake at laſt their liberty, and their very ſelves. The loſer goes into voluntary ſlavery, and, though younger and ſtronger than his antagoniſt, ſuffers himſelf to be bound and ſold.—And this perſeverance

verance in ſo bad a cauſe they call the *point of honour.*"

When men are thus intoxicated with ſo frantic a ſpirit, laws will be of little avail; becauſe the ſame falſe ſenſe of honour that prompts a man to ſacrifice himſelf, will deter him from appealing to the Magiſtrate. Yet it is proper that laws ſhould be, and be known publicly, that gentlemen may learn what penalties they wilfully incur, and what confidence they repoſe in ſharpers; who, if ſucceſsful in play, are certain to be paid with honour; or if unſucceſsful, have it in their power to be ſtill greater gainers by informing. For by ſtat. 16, Car. II. c. 7, if any perſon, by playing or betting, ſhall loſe more than 100l. at one time, he ſhall not be compellable to pay the ſame; and the winner ſhall forfeit treble the value, one moiety to the King, the other to the informer. The 9th Anne, c. 14, enacts, that all bonds, and other ſecurities, given for money won at play, or money lent at the time to play withal, ſhall be utterly void: that all mortgages and incumbrances of lands made upon the ſame conſideration, ſhall be and endure to the uſe of the heir of the mortgager: that if any perſon, at one time, loſes 10l. at play, he may ſue the winner, and recover it back by action of debt at law; and, in caſe the loſer does

not, any other perſon may ſue the winner for treble the ſum ſo loſt; and the plaintiff in either caſe may examine the defendant himſelf upon oath; and no privilege of Parliament ſhall be allowed. And if any one cheats at play, and at one time wins more than 10l. or any valuable thing, he may be indicted thereupon, and ſhall forfeit five times the value; ſhall be deemed infamous, and ſhall ſuffer ſuch corporal puniſhment as in caſe of wilful perjury.

By ſt. 18 Geo. II. c. 24, the ſt. 9 Anne is farther enforced. The forfeitures of that act may now be recovered in a Court of Equity: and if any be convicted, upon information or indictment, of winning or loſing at any ſitting 10 or 20l. within twenty-four hours, he ſhall forfeit five times the ſum.

Thus careful has the legiſlature been to prevent this deſtructive vice; which may ſhew that our laws are not ſo deficient as ourſelves, and our magiſtrates, in putting thoſe laws in execution.

As gameſters are men who boaſt of very exalted ſpirits, both as to the delicacy of their honour, and quick ſenſibility of parts, I would beg leave to ſhew them in what ſovereign contempt the judiciouſly

judiciouſly candid Addiſon held both: "It is wonderful (ſays he) to ſee perſons of the beſt ſenſe paſſing away a dozen hours together in ſhuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other converſation but what is made up of a few game phraſes, and no other ideas but thoſe of black or red ſpots ranged together in different figures.—Would not a man laugh to hear any one of his ſpecies complaining that life is ſhort?" And in another place he ſays, "You often ſee a common ſharper in competition with a gentleman of the firſt rank; though all mankind is convinced that a fighting gameſter is only a pick-pocket, with the courage of a highwayman."

Of FRIENDSHIP.

THE greateſt ſweetner of human life is Friendſhip. To raiſe this to the higheſt pitch of enjoyment, is a ſecret which but few diſcover.—Friendſhips, in general, are ſuddenly contracted; and therefore it is no wonder they are eaſily diſſolved. A man who has amuſed us for an evening with ſprightly merriment, ſhall be admitted into the number of our friends, and received with that ardour which is always the attendant upon the firſt impreſſion of regards. But, though wit be

an agreeable, it is by no means the only qualification neceſſary in a friend; and is, of all others, the moſt precarious foundation of eſteem. A wit, in this reſpect, reſembles a beauty; all admire her, though few would venture to chuſe her as a wife.

Qualifications that make a man the object of general applauſe, are not, in themſelves, ſufficient to conciliate our friendly regards. Amidſt this univerſal admiration, there is no opportunity for the partiality of friendſhip to exerciſe itſelf; and a man under the ſame obligations to every perſon, cannot, in ſtrict juſtice, limit his regards to any one in particular. It is much more reaſonable to ſuppoſe that he will ſacrifice the opinion and eſteem of an individual, to the opinion and eſteem of the reſt; and will, at the expence of one admirer, attempt to raiſe his reputation with others.

But the wit is not the only man diſqualified for Friendſhip. Look round the world, and you will ſee men employed in ſuch purſuits, and diſturbed with ſuch paſſions, as make Friendſhip appear almoſt an empty name, and an imaginary exiſtence. Moſt breaſts are ſo contracted by ſelfiſh and mercenary principles, that they are incapable of feeling any of the finer movements and reciprocations of benevolence; and even where nature has

ſoftened

ſoftened the heart to this delicate ſenſibility, ſhe has, perhaps, conſiderably abated its operation, by principles and habits of a contrary kind.—Some are ſuſceptible of the warmeſt affection, quick to the call of neceſſity, and ready to relieve and ſuccour diſtreſs; but then they lie open to the attack of every ſofter paſſion, and have not fortitude ſufficient to reaſon down theſe riſing propenſities of nature into the genuine principles of diſintereſted Friendſhip. Others, from ſelfiſhneſs and pride, ſhall lend an eaſy ear to the whiſper of malignity and envy. Others deſtroy Friendſhip by ſuſpicion and reſerve. Others have hearts ſoft to every impreſſion; and, in theſe, one ſeal of Friendſhip is obliterated by another: while ſome, by a mutable diſpoſition of mind, relinquiſh their friends, not becauſe they ceaſe to be, but continue what they once were. But when we come to reflect, on the one hand, that Friendſhip, in order to be true and laſting, muſt know no rival or reſerve, have ſimilar virtues for its foundation, and mutual eſteem for its ſupport, and the happineſs of another preferred to our own; and when we conſider, on the other, the ſuſpicions of pride, the love of ſuperiority, and the natural diſtruſt of the human heart, we ſhall ſoon find that Socrates made a right eſtimate of Friendſhip,

and

and that a very ſmall manſion will contain thoſe which any man can truly call ſuch.

Conſidering theſe requiſites of Friendſhip, and the oppoſition in the way of their acquiſition, we have a melancholy inſtance of the imperfection of our preſent ſtate of being, which almoſt denies the poſſibility of attaining that which is the greateſt happineſs we can enjoy. But this may be wiſely deſigned by the Author of our being: ſince, if Friendſhip were complete, our happineſs here would appear ſo abſolute, as greatly to retard our improvements in thoſe virtues upon which a Friendſhip moſt exalted, laſting, and refined, ſhall be eſtabliſhed. But though we may not arrive at all at that happineſs which we are aſſured a pure Friendſhip is capable of affording, yet this ought not to make us indolent in our reſearches, or indifferent in our regards. That man would be juſtly thought very unreaſonable, who would refuſe to partake of the elegancies which his own country affords, becauſe other regions furniſh our greater delicacies.

The very conſtitution of our minds leads us immediately to the cultivation of Friendſhip.—Though the powers of the mind are great, yet, the wider they expand, the leſs forcibly they act.

That

That benevolence we feel towards all mankind is of ſo undeterminate a nature, that, when the general calamities of our fellow-creatures are repreſented to us, where, perhaps, whole nations are immediate ſufferers, we enter not into that ſympathy which we ſhould feel for one family or friend in diſtreſs. We ſhall always find that, in exact proportion as the object of our benevolence decreaſes, the more warm and lively our benevolence operates. The good of the political community to which we belong, is more the object of our regards than the community of the world; that of our family and friends, more than that of the political community; and that of an individual is ſtill more ſacred and dear. Here our regards center upon an abſolute object, and there is more than general calamity to affect us. When one particular ear is open to our complaints; when we ſee one breaſt filled with ſympathy; the eye of an individual flowing with a tear of compaſſion, or glad with the ſparkling of joy; we imagine this to be an extraordinary inſtance of that humanity which, in every inſtance, gains our eſteem and approbation.

The requiſites of Friendſhip, then, as we obſerved, are confidence, love, and eſteem: ſuch as are founded upon ſimilar perfections of character,

or

or ſimilar taſte, with no more oppoſition of ſentiment than what ſhall ſometimes prove a gentle excitement to an amicable diſpute. We cannot confide in the man whoſe moroſeneſs makes him reſerved, any more than in him whoſe levity makes him liable to change. We cannot truſt the man of pride, or commit a ſecret to his keeping who is always unguarded. We muſt both love and eſteem the perſon we admit to our Friendſhip; becauſe a man may poſſeſs qualities which may produce love, and no eſteem; or eſteem without love. The former is founded on qualifications that pleaſe, the latter on thoſe that command approbation.

We, in ſome ſort, love ourſelves in our friend, and are glad, from a deſire of appearing diſintereſted, to make a joint offering to benevolence and ſelf-love. The foundation of this muſt be, the ſimilarity between ourſelves and our friends. The ſame taſte that leads to the ſame pleaſures binds us moſt forcibly with the cords of affection. We love to recollect, much more conſtantly converſe, with objects with which we have connected the moſt agreeable ideas; and, by this joint participation, we give a countenance to pleaſures otherwiſe fugitive, and of precarious remembrance. Such an oppoſition of ſentiment in

Friendſhip

Friendſhip muſt never appear, as may lead us to eſpouſe the cauſes of different parties. In contentions which theſe produce, Friendſhip has been often deſtroyed, without the conviction of either of the opponents.

When once we have made choice of a friend, let our care to keep him be equal to the value of the poſſeſſion we enjoy: and let us remember the imperfections of humanity, and expect not too much even from Friendſhip itſelf. We may truſt in the ſincerity of a friend; but there are ſecrets which no other breaſt but our own ſhould be conſcious of. We may reveal many griefs, but a portion ought to be reſerved as a trial of our own fortitude. We may communicate many pleaſures, yet ſtill have ſome in reſerve: there will be ſeaſons when theſe may amuſe, and when a friend cannot delight. Friendſhip may be made ſubſervient to the nobleſt purpoſes of human life; for, though it will not allow of direct oppoſition of ſentiment, or the contention of ſuperiority, yet it admits of a generous emulation who ſhall excel in all the amiable virtues that connect mankind in the inviolable union of ſocial benevolence.

THE LESSON OF MISFORTUNE.

A MORAL TALE.

"TO overcome adverſity, and brave death itſelf, is the effect of a noble and generous reſolution. But there is ſtill a ſpecies of courage which I think leſs frequently to be met with in the world, but not leſs admirable. I ſhall give an inſtance of it in relating what I heard from Watelet, as we were one day walking together in the groves of Moulin Joli.

"Of all men of the preſent century, Watelet ſeemed to have conducted himſelf in a manner the moſt likely to ſecure a life of happineſs. He was a man of univerſal taſte, a lover of the arts, and an encourager of artiſts and men of letters; he was himſelf a literary man and an artiſt, but not with ſufficient ſucceſs to awaken and call forth envy; he poſſeſſed that moderate excellence of talent, which ſues for indulgence, and which, free from noiſe and attention, acquiring eſteem and diſpenſing with glory, amuſes the leiſures of unambitious retirement, or of a few partial friends; he was wiſe enough to confine his deſire of applauſe within the limits of that narrow circle, and not

not to ſeek in the world either the fulſome praiſe of admirers, or the criticiſm of jealouſy. Add to theſe advantages an uncommon amenity of manners, a delicate ſenſibility of diſpoſition, an attentive and conciliating politeneſs, and you will have the idea of a life that was innocently pleaſurable. Such was the life of Watelet.

" Every body heard of his philoſophical retreat on the banks of the Seine. I ſometimes paid him a viſit there. One day I met a new-married couple that were mutually delighted with each other; the huſband ſtill in the prime of life, and the bride not yet twenty years of age. Watelet ſeemed himſelf to derive happineſs from theirs, and their looks were expreſſive of their owing it to him.— As they ſpake the French tongue with purity, I was ſurprized to hear them ſay they were going to live in Holland, and that they were come to take their leave of him. When dinner was over, and when they were gone away, I had the curioſity to aſk who this happy and grateful couple were. My friend led me into a corner of his enchanting iſland, where we both ſat down. ' Liſten,' ſaid he, ' and you will ſee honour ſaved from ſhipwreck by virtue.'

" In a journey to Holland, which I undertook ſolely to ſee a country for which man is conſtantly contending with the ſea, and which is enriched by commerce in deſpite, as it were, of nature, I was recommended to a rich merchant of the name of Odelman, a man as liberal in his houſe, as he was avaricious in his commerce. In his counting-houſe, and at his table, I found a young Frenchman, of an intereſting appearance and uncommon modeſty of deportment. He was known in Holland by no other name than that of Oliver.

" In vain Odelman, who was a man of plain manners, treated him like a friend, and almoſt as an equal; the young man, with a certain reſpectful dignity, always kept himſelf at a proper diſtance; you would have ſaid, at that of a ſon ever attentive and duteous to the will of his father, whom he was ſerving for love.

" I ſhewed him an attention of which he appeared very ſenſible, and which he returned by a certain nobleneſs of deportment, but with an air of humility and baſhfulneſs. At table he ſaid little, but with a manner, a decency, a choice of expreſſion, that beſpoke a well-educated man.—After dinner he accoſted me in the moſt obliging manner, and made me a tender of his ſervices.—

I did

I did not take an undue advantage of it; but I begged him to aſſiſt me with his advice relative to the management of my expences, and to ſome purchaſes I wiſhed to make. To this friendly office he joined the kindeſt attentions to the moſt affectionate care.

" I endeavoured to learn what had induced him to live in Holland. He replied, 'it was misfortune;' and in every thing that related to himſelf, I thought I perceived he did not wiſh to come to an explanation.

" In the mean time, while we paſſed all the time he could ſpare together, and with a complaiſance that my curioſity ſometimes fatigued, but never wore out, he gave me every information relative to whatever was intereſting in Holland. He repreſented it as having no more than an artificial exiſtence in its relations with all the nations of the univerſe, and continually occupied in ſupporting and defending its dykes and its liberties. Impreſſed with gratitude in favour of his new country, he ſpake of it with the expreſſion of a ſentiment to which his melancholy gave greater force, and which, though full of eſteem for that country, was nevertheleſs mingled with the regret and recollection of his own. 'Ah!' would he ſay, 'if

France

France did the fourth part as much to aſſiſt nature as Holland does to ſubdue it!'——And from a view of the manners of the Dutch, their laws, their laborious and painful induſtry, he led me to admire the prodigies that are brought about by neceſſity.

" You may be ſure I began to conceive a ſingular affection for him. ' This is an entertaining young man,' ſaid I to Odelman, ' and I have the greateſt reaſon to ſpeak in his favour. It was doubtleſs you that recommended him to ſhew me ſuch attention.' " Not at all," replied he, " but you are a Frenchman, and he idolizes his country. I am very glad, however, to profit by its loſs, for it has few more ſuch to boaſt of. He is an aſſemblage of every eſtimable quality; fidelity, intelligence, indefatigable application, readineſs in buſineſs, an extreme quickneſs and niceneſs of perception; a ſpirit of order which nothing can eſcape; and above all, an œconomy—Ah! he is the man, indeed, that knows the value of money."

" The laſt article of his eulogium was not of my taſte; and, in his excuſe, I obſerved, that ' it was allowable in the unfortunate to be avaricious.' " Avaricious! he is not ſo," replied the Dutchman, " for he is not even covetous. Never, I

am

am well assured, did he desire the wealth of another; he is only careful of his own. But in the management of it he exhibits a parsimony, so ingenuous and so refined, that the Dutch themselves are astonished at it." 'And yet there is nothing,' observed I, 'about him, that betrays an interested dispositon. He talked to me about your wealth, and the wealth of Holland; but he talked of them without envy.'

"Oh! no; I told you he was not envious.—He seems to want even that desire of gain which is the very soul of our commerce. I have often proposed to him to adventure the profits of his labour in my ships."—'No,' he would say, 'I have nothing to risk. The little I possess, I cannot do without.' And when he has sometimes given way to my persuasion, and exposed small sums to the dangers of the sea, I have seen him so much agitated, till the safe return of the vessel, that he has lost his nightly rest. This is exactly the disposition of the ant. Satisfied with what he can accumulate by labour, he never regrets his not acquiring more; and, preserving in his œconomy an air of easy circumstances, and of dignity, he appears, in refraining from every thing, to be in want of nothing. For instance, you see he is decently dressed. Well, that blue coat, upon

which

which was never ſeen a grain of duſt, is the ſame he has worn for ſix years together, and is the only coat he poſſeſſes. He did me the favour to dine with me to-day, this is what he rarely does; and yet it is his own fault if he does not make my table his own; but he chuſes rather to diſpoſe of that article of his expences in his own way, in order to reduce it to what is barely neceſſary; and in every want of life his frugality ſtill finds out means of œconomy. But what moſt ſurprizes me is, the ſecrecy with which he hides, even from me, the uſe he makes of his money. I at firſt imagined he had ſome miſtreſs that ſaved him the trouble of hoarding it up; but the propriety of his conduct ſoon removed that ſuſpicion. I can now make no other concluſion, than, that being impatient to return to his own country, he remits his little fortune thither as faſt as he makes it, and conceals from me his intention of going and enjoying it there.

"As nothing was more natural, or more likely, I was quite of the ſame opinion, but, before my departure, I became better acquainted with this uncommon and virtuous young man.

"My dear countryman," ſaid I, the day I was taking my leave of him, "I am going back to Paris.

Shall

Shall I be unfortunate enough to be of no uſe to you there? I have afforded you the pleaſure of obliging me as much and as long as you have pleaſed; don't refuſe me an opportunity of returning the obligation."—'No, Sir,' ſaid he, 'you ſhall have it; and, in exchange for the little ſervices which you are pleaſed to over-value, I ſhall come this evening, and requeſt one from you, which is of the moſt material conſequence to me. I muſt obſerve that it is a ſecret which I am going to communicate to you; but I can be under no apprehenſions.—Your name alone is a ſufficient guarantee.' I promiſed to keep it faithfully; and on that very evening he called on me with a caſket full of gold in his hand.

'Here,' ſays he, 'are five hundred louis d'ors, ariſing from three years ſavings, and a paper ſigned with my hand that will indicate the uſe I wiſh them to be put to.' It was ſigned Oliver Salvary. How great was my ſurprize to find it was deſtined for nothing but objects of luxury!—a thouſand crowns to a jeweller; a thouſand to a cabinet-maker; a hundred louis for millinery; as much for laces; and the reſt to a perfumer.

'I ſurprize you,' ſaid he, 'yet you don't ſee all. I have already paid, thank Heaven, three hundred

louis for the like fooleries; and I have much yet to pay before every thing will be diſcharged.—Muſt I tell it you, Sir? Alas! I am a diſhonoured man in my own country, and I am labouring here to wipe away a ſtain I have brought upon my name; in the mean while, I may die, and die inſolvent. I wiſh to make you a witneſs of my good intentions, and the efforts I am making to repair my misfortunes and my ſhame. What I am going to relate to you may be conſidered as my teſtament, which I requeſt you to receive, that in caſe of my death, you may take the neceſſary pains to reinſtate my memory.' "You will live long enough," ſaid I, "you will have time to efface the remembrance of the misfortunes of your youth. But if, in order to make you eaſy, you want nothing but a faithful witneſs of your ſentiments and conduct, I am better informed on that ſubject than you imagine, and you may with all confidence lay open your heart to me."

'I begin then,' ſaid he, ſmiling, 'by confeſſing, that my misfortunes are entirely owing to myſelf, and that my errors are without excuſe. My profeſſion was one of thoſe that eſſentially required the ſtricteſt probity; and the firſt law of that probity is not to diſpoſe of any thing that is not our own. I reckoned with myſelf, but reckoned ill.

I ought

I ought to have reckoned better, and my fooliſh imprudence was not the leſs criminal. Hear in what manner I was led into it.

'A reputable extraction, a fair name, the eſteem of the public, tranſmitted from my anceſtors to their children, my youth, ſome ſucceſſes in which I had been much favoured by circumſtances; all ſeemed to promiſe that I ſhould make a rapid and brilliant fortune by my profeſſion. This was the very rock on which I ſplit.

'Monſieur d'Amene, a man of fortune, and who conſidered my proſpects as infallible, ventured to ground his daughter's happineſs upon theſe deluſive hopes. He offered me her hand; and as ſoon as we were acquainted, a mutual attachment rendered our union equally deſirable to both.—She is no more!—If ſhe were ſtill alive, and I were again to chuſe a wife, it ſhould be her.—Yes, I ſwear it ſhould be thee, my deareſt Adrienne, that I would chuſe from among a thouſand. They might have more beauty, perhaps; but who will ever poſſeſs thy worth, thy tenderneſs, thy charming temper, thy good ſenſe, and candour, in the ſame degree!"

" In this addreſs, his eyes uplifted to Heaven, where he ſeemed to be looking for her ſpirit, were moiſtened with a tear. ' Impute not,' added he, ' to her any thing that I have done on her account. The innocent cauſe of my misfortune, ſhe never even ſuſpected it. And in the midſt of the illuſions with which ſhe was ſurrounded, ſhe was far from perceiving the abyſs to which I was leading her, over a path ſtrewed with flowers.—Enamoured of her before I married her, more enamoured after poſſeſſion, I thought I could never do enough to make her happy; and in compariſon with the love with which I burned for her, her timid tenderneſs, and her ſenſibility, which were kept within bounds by her modeſty, had an appearance of coldneſs. To make myſelf beloved as much as I loved her,—ſhall I declare it?—I wanted to intoxicate her with happineſs. Good heavens! what paſſion ought not a man to indulge with diſtruſt, if it be dangerous to give himſelf up to the deſire of pleaſing his wife.

' A commodious and elegant manſion, expenſive and ornamental furniture, whatever faſhion and taſte could procure in the article of dreſs to flatter in young minds the propenſities of ſelf-love, by affording new ſplendour or new attractions to beauty, all this prevented my wife's deſires, and

poured

poured in upon her, as it were, ſpontaneouſly.—A choſen ſociety, formed by her own inclination, ſhewed her the moſt flattering attentions, and nothing that could render home agreeable was ever wanting.

'My wife was too young to conſider it neceſſary to regulate and reduce my expences. Ah! had ſhe known how much I riſked to pleaſe her, with what reſolution would ſhe not have oppoſed it? But as ſhe brought me a handſome fortune, it was natural for her to conclude, that on my ſide I was in good circumſtances. She imagined at leaſt that my ſituation in life allowed me to put my houſe upon a genteel footing. She perceived nothing in it that was unſuitable to my profeſſion; and on conſulting her female friends, *all this was highly proper—all this was no more than decent.* Alas! I ſaid ſo too, and Adrienne alone, with her modeſt and ſweet ingenuous manners, aſked me if I conceived it neceſſary to incur ſuch expences to render myſelf amiable in her eyes. "I cannot be inſenſible," ſaid ſhe, "to the pains you take to render me happy; but I ſhould be ſo without all that. You love me, and that is enough to excite the envy of theſe young women. What ſatisfaction can you find in increaſing it by your wiſhing me to eclipſe them? Leave them their advantages,

tages, which I ſhall not envy. Let the frivolity of taſte, let whim and vain ſuperfluity, be their love. Love and happineſs ſhall be mine."

'Her delicacy, though it gave her new charms, did not alter my conduct, and I anſwered, that it was on my account that I complied with cuſtom; that what appeared as luxury to her, was nothing but a little more elegance than ordinary; that good taſte was never expenſive, and that whatever I might do, I ſhould never tranſgreſs the bounds of propriety. I deceived her. I deceived myſelf, or rather I baniſhed all reflection. I was aware of living beyond my preſent income, but in a ſhort time the produce of my labours would make good the deficiency, and in the mean while my wife would have had her enjoyments. Every one approved of my affectionate care to make her happy. Could I do leſs for her? Could I even do enough? This was the public voice. At leaſt it was the ſentiments and language of our friends. My father-in-law looked with concern upon thoſe anticipated expences, upon this emulation of luxury, which ruins, ſaid he, the greateſt fortunes. He teſtified to me his diſapprobation of it with ſome degree of ſeverity. I calmly replied, that this emulation ſhould never lead me into any indiſcretion, and he might ſafely depend upon

upon my prudence. I have ſince learnt what an impreſſion this manner of reſpectfully eluding his advice, made upon his mind, and what bitter reſentment he nouriſhed at the bottom of his heart.

'The moment of my becoming a father drew nigh, and this moment, which I looked for with an impatient delight, my heart had hitherto been a ſtranger to; this day, which promiſed to be the happieſt I had ever yet experienced, turned out the moſt fatal. It deprived me both of the mother and the child. This ſtroke plunged me into an abyſs of ſorrow. I will not tell you how heart-breaking it was; it was that kind of grief that can only be expreſſed by the cries it utters. None but thoſe who experience ſuch ſorrows can imagine what they are.

'It was ſtill in the height of my affliction, when my wife's father informed me by his notary, accompanied with a few words of ſorrow and condolence, that the writings were drawn up to transfer back into his hands the fortune I had received from him. Full of indignation at his haſte, I replied that I was quite prepared; and on the morrow the fortune was returned. But the jewels that I had given his daughter, and the other articles

ticles of value for her own particular uſe, became alſo his ſpoils. He had a legal right to them. I repreſented the inhumanity of requiring me, at the end of eighteen months marriage, to ſubmit to ſo ſevere a law; but he availed himſelf of his right with all the impatience and avidity of a greedy claimant. I ſubmitted, and this ſevere exaction made ſome noiſe in the world. Then did the envy my happineſs had excited, haſten to puniſh me for my ſhort-lived felicity, and under the diſguiſe of pity, took care to divulge my ruin, which it ſeemed to deplore. My friends were leſs zealous to ſerve me, than were my enemies to do me injury. They agreed that I had been too much in haſte to live away. They were very right, but they were ſo too late. It was at my entertainments that they ſhould have made ſuch obſervations. But you, Sir, who know the world, know with what indulgence ſpendthrifts are treated until the period of their ruin. Mine was now made public, and my creditors being alarmed, came in crouds to my houſe. I was determined not to deceive them, and making them acquainted with my ſituation, I offered them all that I had left, and only required them to give me time to diſcharge the reſt. Some were accommodating, but others, alledging the wealthy circumſtances of my father-in-law, obſerved, that he was the perſon who ought

ought to have given me indulgence, and that in ſeizing the ſpoils of his daughter, it was their property he had plundered. In a word, I was reduced to the neceſſity of eſcaping from their purſuits by blowing out my brains, or of being ſhut up in a priſon.

'Twas this, Sir, this night, which I paſſed in the agonies of ſhame and deſpair, with death on one hand, and ruin on the other. This is what ought to ſerve as an eternal leſſon and example. An honeſt and inoffenſive man, whoſe only crime was his dependance upon ſlight hopes; this man hitherto eſteemed and honoured, in an eaſy and ſure way to fortune, all on a ſudden marked with infamy, conſigned to contempt, condemned either to ceaſe to live, or to live in diſgrace, in exile, or in priſon; diſcountenanced by his father-in-law, abandoned by his friends, no longer daring to appear abroad, no longer daring to name himſelf, and deſirous of finding ſome ſolitary and inacceſſible retreat that could conceal him from purſuit. It was in the midſt of theſe horrible reflections, that I paſſed the longeſt of nights. Ah! the remembrance of it ſtill makes me ſhudder! and neither my head nor my heart have yet recovered the ſhock I felt at this dreadful reverſe of fortune. I do not exaggerate when I tell you that during

theſe agonizing convulſions I even ſweated blood. At laſt, this long conflict having overcome my ſpirits, my worn-out force gave way to a calm ſtill more dreadful. I conſidered the depth of the abyſs into which I had fallen, and it was then that I began to feel the cool reſolution of putting an end to my exiſtence take its birth at the bottom of my heart.

'Let me weigh,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'my laſt determination. If I ſubmit to be arreſted and dragged to priſon, I muſt periſh there diſhonoured, without reſource and without hope. It is doubtleſs a thouſand times better to get rid of a hateful life, and to throw myſelf upon the mercy of God, who will perhaps pardon me for not being able to ſurvive misfortune combined with diſhonour.—My piſtols were cocked, they lay on the table, and as I fixed my eyes upon them, nothing appeared to me at this moment more eaſy than to put an end to every thing. Aye, but how many villains have done the ſame; how many baſe and worthleſs minds have poſſeſſed like me this deſperate courage? And what will waſh away the blood in which I am going to imbrue my hands? Will my infamy be the leſs inſcribed upon my tomb? if, indeed, a tomb be allowed me. And will my name, ſtigmatized by the laws, be buried with

with me? But what am I ſaying? wretch that I am! I am thinking of the ſhame, but who is to expiate the guilt? I want to ſteal out of the world; but would not that be to rob myſelf, and to fruſtrate thoſe to whom I am indebted over again? When I ſhall ceaſe to exiſt, who will make reſtitution for their property, which I have carried off? who will juſtify ſuch abuſe of their confidence? who will aſk forgiveneſs for a young madman, the ſquanderer of wealth that was not his own? Ah! let me die, if I can no longer hope to regain that eſteem which I have loſt! But is it not poſſible, at my age, with labour and time to repair the errors of my youth, and to obtain pardon for my misfortunes? Then reflecting upon the reſources that were left me, if I had fortitude to contend with my ill fate, I fancied I ſaw at a diſtance my honour emerging from behind the cloud that had obſcured it. I fancied I ſaw a plank placed at my feet to ſave me from ſhipwreck, and that I beheld a friendly port at hand ready to receive me. I retired into Holland; but before I ſet off, I wrote to my creditors, informed them that having given up all I had left in the world, I was ſtill going to devote my whole life to labour for their benefit; and entreated them to have patience.

'I landed at Amſterdam. On my arrival, my firſt care was to learn who among the wealthy merchants of that city was the man of the moſt honour and the beſt reputation; and as every one agreed in naming Odelman, I repaired to him.

'Sir,' ſaid I, 'a ſtranger perſecuted by misfortune flies to you for refuge, and to aſk you whether he muſt ſink under its weight, or whether by dint of reſolution and labour, he may be able to overcome and ſurvive it? I have no one to patronize or be anſwerable for me. I hope in time, however, to be my own ſecurity; and in the mean while, I beg you will make uſe of a man, that has been educated with care, is well enough informed, and of a willing diſpoſition. Odelman, after having liſtened to, and ſurveyed me with all attention, aſked me who had recommended me to him? "The public opinion," ſaid I. "On my arrival, I enquired for the wiſeſt and beſt amongſt the citizens of Amſterdam, and every one named you."

'He appeared much ſtruck with a certain expreſſion of ſpiritedneſs, of frankneſs, and reſolution in my language and countenance, which misfortune imparts to reſolute minds, and which nature ſeems to have made the dignity of the unfortunate.

fortunate. He was diſcreet in his queſtions, and I was ſincere, but reſerved in my anſwers. In a word, without betraying myſelf, I ſaid enough to remove his diſtruſt; and prepoſſeſſed with a ſentiment of eſteem in my favour, he conſented to put me to a trial, but without any fixed engagement. He ſoon perceived that there was not in his counting houſe a man of more diligence, more aſſiduity, more application, and more emulous of gaining information, than myſelf.

" Oliver," ſaid he, (for that was the only name I had taken) " you have kept your word. Go on, I ſee you will ſuit me; we are made to live with one another. There is three months of your firſt year's ſalary. I hope, and I foreſee, that it will go on in a progreſſive increaſe."

' Ah! Sir, I, who had never in my life known the value of money, with what joy did I ſee myſelf maſter of the hundred ducats he had preſented me with? with what cautious care did I lay by the greater part of this ſum? with what ardour did I give myſelf up to that labour of which it was the fruits, and with what impatience did I wait for the other three quarters of my ſalary that were to increaſe this treaſure?

'One of the happieſt days in my life was that on which I was to remit to Paris the firſt hundred louis d'ors of my ſavings. When the receipt came back, I kiſſed the paper a hundred times, and watered it with my tears. I laid it upon my heart, and I felt it like a balm applied to my wounds.

'Three years together I procured myſelf the like gratification. This gratification is now heightened; for my perquiſites being augmented and joined to ſome gains which I have derived from commerce, double the amount of my ſavings. If this remittance has been tardy, I beg, Sir, you will mention, that the delay has been occaſioned by the death of the only truſty correſpondent I had at Paris, and that henceforth you will be ſo good as to ſupply his place. Alas! I may yet labour fifteen years before I can diſcharge all, but I am only five and thirty. At fifty I ſhall be free; the wound in my heart will be healed. A multitude of voices will proclaim my honeſty, and I ſhall be able to return to my country with an unbluſhing countenance. Ah! Sir, how ſweet and conſoling is the idea, that the eſteem of my fellow-citizens will be reſtored to grace my old age, and to crown my grey hairs.'

" He had hardly finiſhed ſpeaking," rejoined Watelet, " when delighted at this exemplary probity, I embraced him, and aſſured him, that in all the world, I had never met with an honeſter man than himſelf. This mark of my eſteem affected him deeply, and he told me with tears in his eyes, that he ſhould never forget the conſolation that accompanied my farewell. He added, beſides, ' that I was well acquainted with his heart, and that my teſtimony accorded with that of his conſcience.'

" When I arrived at Paris, I made his payments. His creditors were deſirous of knowing where he was, what he was doing, and what his reſources were. Without explaining myſelf in that reſpect, I impreſſed them with the ſame good opinion of his honeſty as I entertained myſelf, and diſmiſſed them all well ſatisfied.

" Being one day at dinner with Monſieur Nervin, my notary, one of his gueſts, on hearing me ſpeak of my journey into Holland, aſked me with ſome degree of ill-humour and contempt, if I had never happened to meet with one Oliver Salvary in that country. As it was eaſy to recognize in his looks and the ſcowl of his eye-brows a ſentiment of malevolence, I ſtood on my guard, and replied,

replied, ' that my tour into Holland having been a mere party of pleaſure, I had not had leiſure to acquire information reſpecting the French that I might have ſeen there, but that through my connections, it would be very poſſible to get ſome account of the perſon he had named.' " No," ſaid he, " it is not worth while. He has given me too much vexation for me to take any concern about him. He has poſſibly died of want or ſhame, as it was but fit he ſhould. He would have done much better ſtill, if he had died before he married my daughter, and brought himſelf to ruin. After that," continued he, " depend upon the fine promiſes which a young man makes you. In eighteen months fifty thouſand crowns in debt; and, to complete the whole, exile and diſgrace! Ah, Sir!" ſaid he to the notary, " when you marry your daughter, mind and be upon your guard.—An inſolvent and diſhonoured ſon-in-law is but a ſorry piece of furniture.

" Monſieur Nervin aſked him how it happened, that ſo prudent a man as himſelf had not foreſeen and prevented theſe misfortunes?" ' I did foreſee it,' replied d'Amene, ' and prevented it as far as I could; for on the very morrow of my daughter's death, I diligently began to take my meaſures, and, thank Heaven, I have had the conſolation

of

of recovering her portion and perſonal property; but that is all I was able to ſave from the wreck, and I left nothing but the ſhattered remains for the reſt of his creditors.'

" It was with great difficulty that I could contain myſelf; but perceiving after he was gone the impreſſion he had made upon the minds of the notary, and his daughter, I could not reſiſt giving way to my deſire of vindicating the honourable abſent man; but without mentioning his retreat, without ſaying where he was concealed, (for it was on that head it behoved me to keep ſilence.) " You have been hearing," ſaid I, " this unmerciful father-in-law ſpeak of his ſon with the moſt cruel contempt. Well, every thing he has ſaid about him is true; and it is not leſs true that this unfortunate man is innocence and probity itſelf." This exordium ſeemed very ſtrange to them, it riveted their attention, and the father and daughter remaining ſilent, I began to relate what you have heard.

" Nervin is one of thoſe uncommon characters, that are ſo difficult to be comprehended. Never was there a cooler head or a warmer heart. It was a volcano beneath a heap of ſnow. His daughter, on the contrary, was a girl of a tender

and placid diſpoſition, equally partaking of the ardour of her father's ſoul, and of the ſedateneſs of reaſon. She is handſome. You have ſeen her; but ſhe is ſo little vain of her beauty, that ſhe hears it ſpoken of without bluſhing or embarraſſment, as ſhe would the beauty of another.—'We may be proud,' ſaid ſhe, 'of what we have acquired ourſelves, and modeſty is neceſſary to conceal ſuch pride, or to keep it within due bounds. But where is the merit or the glory in having one's eyes or mouth made in ſuch and ſuch a manner, and why ſhould we think ourſelves obliged to bluſh at the praiſe of what the caprice of nature has conferred upon us, and without any merit of our own.' This ſingle trait may give you an idea of the diſpoſition of Juſtina, which though more ſtrongly characterized and determined than that of Adrienne, exhibited the ſame candour and the ſame charms.

"This eſtimable girl paid as much attention to my words as her father, and at each trait that marked the good faith of Salvary, his ſtrong ſenſibility, his firmneſs under misfortune; I perceived them look at each other, and thrill with that ſweet delight which virtue ever excites in the breaſts of thoſe that love her. But the father became imperceptible

perceptibly more thoughtful, and the daughter more affected.

" When I came to these words in which Oliver had addressed me :—' Ah! Sir, how sweet and consoling is the idea that the esteem of my fellow-citizens will be restored to grace my old age, and crown my grey hairs,' I saw Nervin lift up his head, with eyes all glistening with tears, of which they were full. " No, virtuous man," exclaimed he, in the effusion of his generosity, " you shall not wait the tedious decline of life, in order to be free, and honoured as you deserve. Sir," added he to me, " you are in the right, there is not an honester man in the world. As to the common and strait-forward duties of life, any one may discharge them, but to preserve this resolution and probity, while hanging over the precipices of misfortune and shame, without once losing sight of them for a moment, this is rare indeed! this is what I call possessing a well-tempered mind. He will commit no more follies. I will be answerable for it. He will be kind, but he will be prudent; he knows too well what weakness and imprudence have cost him, and with d'Amene's good leave, that is the man I should like for a son-in-law.—And you, daughter, what think you of it?" ' I, Sir!' replied Justina, ' I confess that such

would be the huſband I ſhould chuſe.' "You ſhall have him," ſaid her father, taking his reſolution. "Write to him, Sir, and deſire him to come to Paris, tell him that a good match awaits him there, and tell him nothing more."

"I wrote; he made anſwer, that ſituated as he was, he was condemned to celibacy and ſolitude, that he would involve neither a wife nor children in his misfortunes, nor would he ſet his foot in his own country, until there ſhould be no one there before whom he ſhould be aſhamed to appear.—This anſwer proved a farther incitement to the impatient inclinations of the notary. "Aſk him," ſays he, "to give in a ſpecific account of his debts, and inform him that a perſon who intereſts himſelf in his welfare will undertake the care of adjuſting every thing."

"Salvary conſented to intruſt me with the ſtate of his debts, but as to the accommodation of them, he replied, he would hear of no ſuch thing; that any reduction of his creditors' claims would be unjuſt; that it was his intention to diſcharge them fully, and to the laſt livre; and all that he required at their hands was time. "Time, time," ſays the notary, "I have none to ſpare him. My daughter will grow old before he pays his debts.

Leave

Leave this liſt of them with me. I know how to deal for an honourable man. Every body ſhall be ſatisfied." Two days after he came to ſee me. "All is ſettled," ſaid he. "Look, here are his bills, with receipts to them. Send them to him, and give him the choice of being no longer in debt to any one by marrying my daughter, or of having me for ſole creditor, if he refuſes to accept me for a father-in-law; for this does not bind him to any thing."

"I leave you to imagine the ſurprize and gratitude of Salvary at ſeeing all the traces of his ruin done away, as it were, by a ſtroke of a pen; and with what eagerneſs he came to return thanks to his benefactor. He was nevertheleſs detained in Holland longer than he wiſhed, and the impetuous Nervin began to complain, that this man was tardy, and very hard to work upon. At laſt he arrived at my houſe, not yet daring to perſuade himſelf but that his happineſs was only a dream. I quickly introduced him to his generous paymaſter, with a mind impreſſed with two ſentiments equally grateful, deeply ſenſible of the father's goodneſs, and every day ſtill more captivated with the charms of the daughter; for finding in her all he had ſo much loved, and ſo much regretted in Adrienne, his mind was, as it were, raviſhed

raviſhed with gratitude and love. He was no longer able, he ſaid, to decide which was the more ineſtimable gift of heaven; a friend like Nervin, or a wife like Juſtina.

" One regret, however, that he could not hide, ſtill hung about his mind. ' Pardon me,' ſaid he one day, when Nervin reproached him for having rather put his patience to the teſt; ' pardon me, Sir, I was impatient to throw myſelf at your feet, but beſides the accounts I had to make up, I have had in leaving Holland more than one conflict to undergo. The worthy Odelman, my refuge, my firſt benefactor, had depended upon me for the eaſe and comfort of his old age. He is a widower, has no children; and without declaring it, he had already adopted me in his heart. When we were obliged to part, when in revealing to him my paſt misfortunes, I told him by what prodigy of goodneſs I had been reſtored to honour; he bitterly complained of my diſſimulation, and aſked me if I thought I had a better friend in the world than Odelman. He preſſed me to conſent to his acquitting the obligation I owed you. He requeſted it with tears, and I quickly began to feel myſelf no longer able to reſiſt his entreaties. But he read the letter in which Mr. Watelet had made the eulogium of the charming and amiable Juſtina,

and

and in which he had given a ſtill more enchanting portrait of her mind than her perſon. "Ah!" ſaid that good man to me, "I have no daughter to offer you; and if this picture be a faithful one, it will be a difficult matter to find her equal. I will detain you no longer. Go, be happy—think of me, and do not ceaſe to love me."

"Nervin, as he liſtened to this narrative, ſtood wrapt up in thoughtful attention. 'No,' ſaid he, 'ſuddenly breaking ſilence, 'I will not deſire you to be ungrateful, nor will I ſuffer a Dutchman to boaſt that he is more generous than I. You have no profeſſion here, and you are not formed to lead an idle and uſeleſs life. It would be a very great ſatisfaction for me, as you muſt imagine, to have my children about me, but let that bleſſing be reſerved for my old age; and as my buſineſs here furniſhes me with ſufficient occupation to keep away *ennui*, write to the worthy Odelman, and tell him, that I give you up to him, together with my daughter, for half a ſcore years; after which you will return, I hope, with a little colony of children; and you and I, in the mean while, ſhall have been labouring for their advantage."

"The Dutchman, overjoyed, returned for anſwer, that his houſe, his arms, his heart, were

all

all open to receive the new-married pair. He expects them, they are going to set off, and Oliver will henceforth be in partnership with him. This is the instance I have promised you," added Watelet, " of a species of courage that many unfortunate people are in want of, that of never forfeiting their own esteem, and that of never despairing so long as conscious of their own integrity."

ON

ABSENCE.

THERE are certain cares which intrude upon the mind on all occasions and in all places, nor can we prevent them. The strong influence which they exercise over us will not suffer our attention to be long bestowed on things which have no relation to themselves. Have we aught to do which remains undone, or have ills of any kind befallen those whom we sincerely regard; our own condition, or that of our friends, will be a subject from which our thoughts cannot, for a long time, be wholly abstracted.

We are not to be surprized, therefore, nor ought we to be offended, if, by those who are under these or similar circumstances, a becoming

obſervance of time, place, and perſon, ſhould, without intention, be often neglected.

In theſe caſes the *inſcientia temporis* may admit of excuſe: but the wilful diſregard of that particular decorum which the preſent occaſion may demand, ſurely deſerves ſevere reprehenſion; and eſpecially as the practice of it daily becomes more and more frequent.

This inattention to the place in which, and to the perſons with whom we are, and to the occaſion on which we are met, is called, whether it be with or without cauſe, whether with or without intention, Abſence; the chief diſcrimination in company, as it is now-a-days thought, between men of ſuperior intellectual ſtrength, and thoſe who poſſeſs only common underſtanding.

No doubt they who have the moſt knowledge have the greateſt employment for their thoughts, and certainly do think the moſt; moreover, in thoſe who have been accuſtomed, during the whole of their lives, to ſpend much of their time in the penſive occupation of ſolitary ſtudy, and have delighted more in books than in men, the habit of thought may be ſo powerful, that they may ſcarcely ever be long and thoroughly free from it; and,

therefore, cannot but have in company frequent, though inconſcious relapſes into the abſent ſtate.

And, becauſe in this manner ſome men of learning and genius have been obſerved to behave, a concluſion has been made, that the behaviour of every one of ſuperior parts muſt be the ſame; and therefore, that by this we ſhould at all times be enabled to diſtinguiſh in company thoſe who have knowledge from thoſe who have none. The error, however, of this concluſion will ſhortly appear; for now there is hardly a man who wiſhes to be conſidered in any wiſe learned, that does not affect to be frequently abſent.

If men confeſſedly great have ever, and it is to be ſuſpected that they ſometimes have, been guilty of the affectation of abſence, ſuch their conduct could only proceed from a notion, which muſt excite contempt for thoſe by whom it is held, that common converſation has nothing in it worthy their notice, and, therefore, that it would not become them to be attentive to it.

Certainly in this they are ſadly deceived; and ſuch a miſtake cannot but prove, that the greateſt weakneſs will ſometimes be ſhewn by thoſe who are eſteemed the wiſeſt of men.

That

That philoſophy, however, which is of a more genuine kind, which has a conſideration for others as well as for ſelf, thinks and acts in a different manner; at all times adapts itſelf to the ſociety in which it may be; and to the mereſt trifles, provided the pleaſure of others can be promoted thereby, readily gives the moſt patient attention.

When men, in genius or in knowledge greater than others, are inattentive to the company at which they are preſent, they ſurely forget the end of their viſit: they forget that we retire to the cloſet for meditation and ſtudy, but that we come into ſociety for relaxation and amuſement; to be abſent, therefore, on theſe occaſions is, as it were, to fall into ſlumbers when we ſhould keep awake; it is committing a rudeneſs which ſinks us at once to the barbarian level; it is giving an offence which cannot but ſometimes be of hurt to thoſe from whom it proceeds, and which all but the deſipient or inſane would wiſh to avoid.

MORAL INSTRUCTIONS TO THE YOUNG FOR MAKING THE DANGEROUS VOYAGE OF LIFE.

WOULD you, Eugenio! covet to ſecure
An intereſt in the *Maſter of the Storm?*
Invoke protection at his ſacred ſhrine;—
Would you the ſober courſe of ſafety ſteer?
Make Virtue's favourites your choſen crew;
The wiſe, the good, th' experienc'd, and the brave;
Announc'd by *ſeers* "the excellent of the earth;"
Then ſteer with theſe the courſe the Maſter plann'd,
Nor deviating from his ſacred chart,
And ſure ſucceſs ſhall all your courſe attend,
'Till, ſafely anchor'd in the port of peace,
You ſhare the greetings of celeſtial joy.
Mean time let prudence dictate to your ear;
Form a true eſtimate of human life;
Its ebbs, its flows, and various incidents,
Prepare againſt with caution; and betimes
Weigh well each good, each ill to counterpoiſe
As in Aſtrea's balance. Meditate
And plan the courſe of wiſdom. Do not launch
Life's bay untutor'd, uninform'd alike
In diſcipline and good œconomy,

Like

Like ſome high-flown intoxicated brain
Afloat on reeds in hope to croſs the gulph.
From precedent learn prudence. Keep in view
The num'rous rocks, ſo fatal prov'd by all
Who ſteer the courſe of bold impiety,
And dare to ſhun their track. Be cautious, mark
Where *wiſe* men err'd. That courſe avoid, intent
To glean advantage from the worſt miſhap
Of eminence.—Such wrecks ſtrike up a light
Which, like a Pharos, ſhines full many a league;
A caution clear to ſhun the fatal cliff!
From vice's crews bear adverſe. Seek to gain
In wiſdom's chart ſuperior excellence:
The beſt avidity is wiſdom's [illegible]:
Herein is no exceſs. Be timely wiſe:
Chooſe an experienc'd mate: ſuch will afford
Good ground of ſafety in threat'ning ſtorm.
Make plain Sincerity your boſom friend;
He will ſtand by when dangers ſtalk behind,
Or threat'ning terrors meet, to ſhield your breaſt.
Let meek-ey'd Piety your ſteps attend,
While lovely Charity the cabin cheers,
And grave Devotion keeps the cloſet-door.
Diſmiſs all wayward paſſions: ſuch can ſerve
Only to bear you adverſe from the port.
Let Magnanimity your courſe conduct,
For Honour waits on Magnanimity.
Let Reaſon too your every ſcheme project,

And

And dictate to your ear. One counsel I
Impart: It is an oracle! attend;
" Keep old blunt Honesty close by your side:
" A trusty TAR in every rugged blast:
" So safely shall each various storm befriend,
" And waft you bounding o'er the deep profound;
" Opposing rocks in vain obstruct your course,
" To lame your passage to the realms of love."

THE WISE CONDUCT OF HASSAN KING OF GOLCONDA.

AN EASTERN TALE.

IT is the peculiar province of wisdom to examine with the greatest attention whatever offers itself as fit either to be done, or to be avoided.—Hassan, king of Golconda, followed this excellent maxim in the most difficult conjuncture that can employ the thoughts of an earthly Monarch.

This king was six-score years old, was desirous or resigning his empire, and finishing his glorious reign, by the choice of a worthy successor. He had three sons by three different women, who were all living; each of them pleaded in behalf of her own son; so that the King, who was equally a good husband

huſband and a good father, wavered in the moſt cruel uncertainty. 'What ſhall I reſolve on?' ſaid he to himſelf: 'The laws declare for the eldeſt; my favourite ſultaneſs pleads for the ſecond; and I myſelf incline for the youngeſt.—O too lovely ſultaneſs, I have felt the effects of your ſweet and alluring looks! O thou weak nature, that yieldeſt to my love! But neither of you ſhall triumph over the laws; I will die on the throne, that, after my death, the laws may decide the controverſy. But what? The laws will decide nothing; a cruel war will be kindled between my children; my people will be the victim of their ambition, and I owe all to my people.—O beauteous ſultaneſs! I ought to ſacrifice you, myſelf, and whatever elſe is dear to me, to the good of my ſubjects; I will therefore leave them at liberty to chuſe themſelves a ſovereign.'

After theſe reflections, he aſſembled his viſiers, the nobles, and the people: 'I have,' ſaid he to them, 'one foot on the throne, and the other in the grave; but I would, if it were poſſible, not go down into the abyſs of eternity with the crown on my head; its weight oppreſſes and weighs me down, I reſign it to you, chuſe for yourſelves a Maſter.' At theſe words, there appeared in all their looks a profound ſadneſs. The people cried

out

out with one voice, " Live, long live the King, our father, and our friend!" 'Be not ſo much concerned,' interrupted the king, 'you are my bowels; you can ſuffer nothing, but I muſt feel ſo great a pain as would ſhorten my days.' At this, they redoubled their cries, and the aged monarch himſelf could not refrain from tears.—'Think no more,' ſaid he, 'on what you are going to loſe, but conſider what you have ſtill left.—The princes, my children, have all the qualities that make men great; proclaim which of them you think moſt worthy to poſſeſs the throne I reſign.'

A profound ſilence ſucceeded their ſighs and lamentations. The whole aſſembly caſt their eyes on the throne, and ſaw the three princes ſitting on the ſteps; they admired each of them, and, not liking one more than another, no man could determine which to chuſe. Then the prime viſier approached the throne, and ſpoke in this manner: " O wiſe and valiant king! May he who draws light out of darkneſs, and from the horrors of the night produces a glorious and delightful morning, keep you in his holy care, and perpetuate your poſterity! Receive with your accuſtomed goodneſs the advice of your faithful ſlave: Let each of your three ſons reign three days only, and we will determine afterwards, ſince your majeſty is

pleaſed

pleaſed to give us leave. Our choice then will be founded on judgment; for men are known, when they are in high fortune, and in wine. The man is truly wiſe, whom neither the one nor the other of them can corrupt."

This advice of the grand viſier was followed, and prevailed over the ſubtle inſinuations of his three wives, who ſaw all their ſolicitations rendered vain, and their projects confounded.

Accordingly, the eldeſt prince was clothed in purple, and took the ſceptre of government in his hand. His mother counſelled him to be affable and liberal, not to alter the form of the government, and to pardon criminals. "By this means," ſaid ſhe, "you will have all the empire for you, the king, the nobles, and the people."

Inſtructions grounded on ſuch principles ſeemed to promiſe a happy iſſue. The prince followed them exactly, but his conduct appeared ſtudied and affected, which occaſioned ſome diſtruſt.

The three days of his reign being expired, the ſecond prince aſcended the throne. His mother gave him oppoſite inſtructions: "Depoſe," ſaid ſhe, "the viſiers; baniſh the doctors of the law;

raiſe to the higheſt dignities men of ambitious minds, who, to keep their employments, will vote you the throne; and, when you are well ſettled in it, we will recall the viſiers and the doctors, whoſe fidelity the riches, which thy ambitious miniſters ſhall have amaſſed, will ſerve to regain, and to reanimate their zeal.

This model was followed; but the people dreaded the worſt that could happen, from a prince who pretended to the crown, and gave himſelf ſo little trouble to deſerve it.

The King's third ſon took upon him, in his turn, the ſovereign authority. He would have no advice from his mother; "For though," ſaid he, "I have an infinite reſpect for my mother, and even believe, that ſhe would give me no advice but what is founded on reaſon, it would be, at beſt, but ſuperfluous. The laws are what I will obſerve; and what is dark and intricate in them, our wiſe viſiers and learned doctors, all of whom I reſtore to their employments, will help me to interpret."

After he had ſpent the firſt day, and part of the ſecond, in appointing good judges for the people, and old and prudent officers over the ſoldiers, the king, his father, ſent ſome of the doctors to examine

mine and put queſtions to him in public, and to know if he underſtood the laws and the art of reigning. One of the doctors aſked him, ' What perſons a king has abſolute need of, to be near his perſon?' " He has need," anſwered the prince, " of eight ſorts: Of a prudent viſier; of a general; of a good ſecretary, who underſtands and can write perfectly well the languages of the eaſt; of a phyſician conſummate in the art of healing, and in the knowledge of remedies; of learned doctors to inſtruct him thoroughly in the laws; of derviſes capable of explaining to him the obſcure points of his religion; and of muſicians, who, by the ſweetneſs of their voices, and the harmony of their inſtruments, may call back his ſpirits, that ſhall have been diſſipated by the application he hath given to affairs of ſtate."—Another doctor ſaid to him, ' Prince, to what do you compare an emperor, his viceroys, his ſubjects, his empire, and his enemies?' " An empire," anſwered the Prince, " reſembles a paſture-ground; an emperor a ſhepherd; his ſubjects the ſheep; his viceroys the ſhepherd's dogs; and his enemies the wolves."

At theſe anſwers of the young prince, the old king of Golconda burſt into tears of joy, and ſaid within himſelf, ' My third ſon is the moſt learned

and moſt worthy of the throne; but, before I declare my thoughts, I will know the ſentiments of my people.'

He publiſhed therefore an order for all the inhabitants of the city to appear the next morning in the plain without the walls. He himſelf came thither, mounted on a ſtately ſteed, attended by his three ſons and all his courtiers; and, when he was in the midſt of the people, he ſpoke theſe words: 'O my fellow-citizens, my relations, my faithful ſubjects! Regard not what I am to-day; no man is leſs than me in the ſight of that Being who created the univerſe. To-morrow, that is, at the day of judgment, (which we all believe will come) how many will there be of you, who, poſſeſſing high dignities in paradiſe, will rend my garments, and ſay to me, "Oh! tyrant! what ills didſt thou make us ſuffer during thy hateful reign!" 'Inſtead of anſwering your reproaches, I ſhall remain in a ſhameful ſilence, and not dare to regard your irritated looks.' At theſe words, the good old monarch hid his face, while floods of tears ran trickling down the furrows of his aged cheeks. His ſons and his courtiers, after his example, alſo dropped their tears; and all the people were tranſported with grief and lamentations. At length the hoary monarch wiped away his tears,

tears, and proceeded: 'O my friends! I am going out of this world, to enter into the palace of eternity. I conjure you to unburthen my conſcience of the things you may have to reproach me with, to the end that I may not be ill-treated in my tomb by the evil angels, and that, at their departure, they may leave a daughter of paradiſe to continue with me till the day of judgment; and now chuſe which of my three ſons you pleaſe to ſucceed me.'

All the people cried out, "May the days of the king laſt as long as the world endures! We have nothing to reproach him with. May that Almighty Being, who draws the ſable curtain of the night, and commands the purple rays of the morning to paint the ſummits of the lofty mountains, be as well ſatisfied with him, as we are! As to the princes his ſons, let his majeſty place which of them he pleaſes on the throne, we will readily conſent, and faithfully obey him. But if he abſolutely commands us to tell him which of the three we think moſt worthy to fill his place, we confeſs it is the youngeſt."

After this declaration, the king returned to the city, and, being come to the palace, gave orders for the coronation of the youngeſt prince. Every thing

thing being ready, the aged king took the young prince by the hand, and made him aſcend the throne: 'O my ſon,' ſaid he, 'take poſſeſſion of a dignity, which I gladly reſign to you, and wear the crown you ſo well deſerve. But always remember that you are accountable, both to the Lord of nature and your country, for every action of your life. A monarch is born only for the good of his people. Beware of flattery, it is a rock more fatal to princes, than thoſe hid beneath the ſurface of the waves are to mariners. Fear nothing but your own conſcience, and aim at nothing but the proſperity of the empire. Then ſhall thy throne be eſtabliſhed like the everlaſting mountains, and thy virtues applauded in the utmoſt regions of the earth. Kings ſhall ſeek thy friendſhip, and ſages drink inſtruction from thy mouth. The merchant ſhall flouriſh under thy protection, and the ſtranger ſojourn ſafely under the ſhadow of the laws.—The hearts of the widow and orphan ſhall ſing for joy, and the mouth of the infant, in liſping accents, declare thy praiſe.' Immediately all the people proclaimed him king, and all the nobles congratulated him on his aſcenſion to the crown, praying the Almighty to ſhower down bleſſings on his reign.

ANECDOTE.

AS a lame country ſchoolmaſter was hobbling one morning upon his two ſticks, to his *noiſy manſion*, he was met by a certain nobleman, who wiſhed to know his name, and the means by which he procured a livelihood. "My name," anſwered he, "is R—— T——, and I am *maſter* of this *pariſh*."

This anſwer further increaſed his Lordſhip's curioſity, and he deſired to know in what ſenſe he was *maſter* of the pariſh? "I am," anſwered he, "the *maſter* of the *children* of the pariſh; the children are maſters of the *mothers*; the mothers are the rulers of the *fathers*; and conſequently I am the *maſter* of the whole *pariſh*."—His lordſhip was pleaſed with this logical reply, and gave the ſchoolmaſter half-a-guinea, to buy a book with.

ANECDOTE

OF THE DUKE OF NIVERNOIS AND A POOR CLERGYMAN.

WHEN the Duke of Nivernois was ambaſſador in England, he was going down to Lord Townſhend's ſeat in Norfolk, on a private viſit,

viſit, quite *en diſhabille*, and with only one ſervant, when he was obliged, from a very heavy ſhower of rain, to ſtop at a farm houſe in the way. The maſter of the houſe was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few ſcholars in the neighbourhood, which, in all, might make his living about 80l. a year, which was all he had to maintain a wife and ſix children. When the Duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himſelf, which the other accepted, by borrowing a pair of old worſted ſtockings and ſlippers of him, and warming himſelf by a good fire. After ſome converſation, the Duke obſerved an old cheſs-board hanging up, and as he was paſſionately fond of that game, he aſked the clergyman whether he could play? The other told him he could, pretty tolerably; but found it very difficult, in that part of the country, to get an antagoniſt. 'I am your man,' ſays the Duke. "With all my heart," ſays the parſon, "and if you'll ſtay and eat pot-luck, I'll try if I can't beat you." The day continuing rainy, the Duke accepted his offer; when the parſon played ſo much better, that he won every game. This was ſo far from fretting the Duke, that he was highly pleaſed to meet a man who could give him ſuch entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly enquired into the ſtate of

his

his family affairs,—and juſt taking a memorandum of his addreſs, without diſcovering his title, thanked him, and departed. Some months paſſed over, and the clergyman never thought any thing of the matter; when, one evening, a footman in laced livery rode up to the door, and preſented him with the following billet: "The Duke of Nivernois's compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. ——, and, as a remembrance for the *good drubbing* he gave him at cheſs, begs that he would accept of the living of ———, worth 400l. per annum, and that he will wait on his Grace the Duke of Newcaſtle on Friday next, to thank him for the ſame." The good parſon was ſometime before he could imagine it any thing more than a jeſt, and was not for going; but as his wife inſiſted on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents of the billet literally true, to his unſpeakable ſatisfaction.

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM STANHOPE.

THIS gentleman coming out of Drury-lane play-houſe, with a lady under his arm, was met by a couple of *bucks*, who took ſome liberties, not very acceptable to the lady, or her protector.

Sir William, whoſe courage was equal to his gallantry, immediately called upon the gentlemen to anſwer for their miſconduct.

One of the heroes ſteps forward, and ſays, "Sir, the lady, wearing artificial colour on her cheeks, we looked upon as fair game." Sir William's reply, and his ſubſequent conduct, did honour to his proweſs and plain ſincerity.

"Gentlemen," ſaid he, "I may have miſtaken the roſes on the lady's cheeks for the ornaments of pure and ſimple nature; I ſhall be happy, if, by your means, I ſhall be cured of my illuſion.—But I ſwear, by God, you ſhall never evade me, until I ſhall have fully proved the truth or fallacy of your aſſertion.

"Retire with me," continues Sir William, "to the Roſe Tavern; there the experiment ſhall be made."

To the Roſe they repaired—cold and hot water were called for, and applied with a napkin, ſmeared with ſoap and pomatum. Obſtinate nature prevailed—the roſes did not fade, but bloomed more in the operation.

The

The bucks were convinced—they begged pardon for their tranſgreſſions, and wiſhed to depart in peace.

" Not ſo," ſays Sir William, " You have been ſatisfied, and ſo will I. The lady has undergone the ordeal, and ſhe has come from it pure and unpolluted. My part I have yet to act: you muſt, on your knees, aſk the lady's pardon." They did ſo.

" Now, gentlemen," ſaid Sir William, " do not bluſh at your paſt conduct; the liberty you took was not only juſtifiable, but even proper, if, at your own riſk, you ran the peril of the proof. If I had proved her a *pict*, the moſt odious and perfidious of all impoſtors, I ſhould, in the language of Othello, 'have whiſtled her off, and let her down the wind, a prey to fortune;' but as ſhe is pure from that w——ſh contagion, I inſiſt on your ſupping, and drinking a bottle of Burgundy with the offended innocent and her protector."

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

NOT long after the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, Margaret Lambrum (who had been one of her attendants, became in ſome meaſure deſperate, on account of the loſs of a huſband, whom ſhe dearly loved; a loſs which had been occaſioned by grief, for the melancholy fate of that unfortunate Princeſs; to whoſe retinue he had alſo belonged) formed a reſolution to revenge the death of both upon the perſon of Queen Elizabeth. To accompliſh her purpoſe, ſhe dreſſed herſelf in the habit of a man, aſſumed the name of Anthony Spark, and attended at the Court of Elizabeth with a pair of piſtols conſtantly concealed about her, one to kill the Queen when an opportunity offered, and one to kill herſelf if her crime ſhould be diſcovered. One day, as ſhe was puſhing through the crowd in order to get to her Majeſty, who was then walking in the garden, ſhe accidentally dropped one of the piſtols. This circumſtance being obſerved by the guards, ſhe was immediately ſeized, in order to be ſent to priſon.—The Queen, however, interfered, and deſired to examine the culprit firſt. She accordingly demanded

manded her name, her country, and her quality; and Margaret, with a reſolution ſtill undaunted, replied, "Madam, though I appear before you in this garb, yet I am a woman. My name is Margaret Lambrum, and was ſeveral years in the ſervice of Mary, a Queen whom you have unjuſtly put to death, and thereby deprived me of the beſt of huſbands, who could not ſurvive that bloody cataſtrophe of his innocent miſtreſs. His memory is hardly more dear to me than is that of my injured Queen; and, regardleſs of conſequences, I determined to revenge their death upon you. Many, but fruitleſs were the efforts I made to divert me from my purpoſe. I found myſelf conſtrained to prove by experience, the truth of the maxim, that neither reaſon nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when ſhe is impelled to it by love."

Highly as the Queen had cauſe to reſent this ſpeech, ſhe heard it with coolneſs and moderation. "You are perſuaded then," ſaid her Majeſty, "that in this ſtep you have done nothing but what your duty required:—What think you is my duty to do to you?" "Is that queſtion put in the character of a Queen, or that of a Judge," replied Margaret. With the ſame intrepid firmneſs, Elizabeth profeſſed to her it was that of a Queen.

"Then,"

" Then," continued Lambrum, " it is your Majeſty's duty to grant me a pardon." " But what ſecurity," demanded the Queen, " can you give me that you will not make the like attempt upon ſome future occaſion?" " A favour ceaſes to be one, Madam," replied Margaret, when it is yielded under ſuch reſtraints: in doing ſo, your Majeſty would act againſt me as a Judge."

" I have been a Queen thirty years," cried Elizabeth, turning to the courtiers then preſent, " and had never ſuch a lecture read to me before." And ſhe immediately granted the pardon entire and unconditional, as it had been deſired, in oppoſition to the opinion of the Preſident of the Council, who told her Majeſty that he thought ſhe ought to have puniſhed ſo daring an offender. The fair criminal, however, gave an admirable proof of her prudence, in begging the Queen to extend her generoſity one degree further, by granting her a ſafe conduct out of the kingdom; with which favour alſo Elizabeth complied. And Margaret Lambrum, from that period, lived a peaceable life in France.

THE

THE PASSING YEAR.

THOUGH leafleſs woods, though barren fields,
The penſive eye delightful meet;
Though few the charms fair nature yields,
Where winter ſteps with frozen feet.

Yet now, with ſlow but certain pace,
Again returns the circling year,
And ſoon renew'd with ſofter grace,
The genial ſeaſon ſhall appear.

While yet, with angry clouds o'ercaſt,
The ſullen tempeſt frequent roars,
And iſſuing oft the nit'rous blaſt,
Cloſe binds up nature's balmy ſtores;

While yet, to fix'd, unerring laws,
Obedient lays the landſcape wide,
The moral leſſon wiſdom draws
From ſcenes which folly ſtrives to hide.

Man's pictur'd life ſhe ſees in each
Succeſſive ſeaſon, as it flies;
What knowledge can the ſages teach
Like that the PASSING YEAR ſupplies?

Yet,

Yet, blind to plainer truths, abroad
  Through endleſs labyrinths we roam,
To ſeek, in learning's devious road,
  The gem we always have at home.

In nature's page, more fully ſeen,
  Life's uſeful leſſons open lie;
No fruitleſs comments intervene,
  To lead from truth th' enquiring eye.

And, ſee, Religion, dropping low
  The chain of univerſal love,
For virtue's humble toils below,
  Aſſigns eternal joys above.

HEROIC VALOUR.

THE following inſtance of heroic valour, and inviolable attachment, occurred in the year 1769, during the war between the Turks and the Ruſſians. Caraman Pacha, who had a command in one of the actions near Choczim, having gone to meet the Grand Viſir on his march, that General (for what real or ſuppoſed offence is unknown) flew into a moſt violent paſſion, and immediately ordered his head to be cut off.

The

The unfortunate Pacha endeavoured to retire, and, at the ſame time drawing his ſword, defended himſelf bravely, but, being ſoon ſurrounded and overborne by numbers, was cut to pieces.

In the mean time, his ſelictar or ſword-bearer, fired with rage and indignation at the ſituation of his maſter, ſuddenly drew a piſtol, with which he attempted to ſhoot the Viſir. It happened fortunately for the Viſir, that a faithful domeſtic, having ſeen the motion of the ſelictar's arm, ſtepped ſuddenly between his maſter and the ſhot, which he received in his own body, and fell dead at his feet.

THE

LADIES' MISERY,

IN A

SUMMER RETIREMENT.

THE ſeaſon of the year is now come, in which the theatres are ſhut, and the card tables forſaken; the regions of luxury are for a while unpeopled, and pleaſure leads out her votaries to groves and gardens, to ſtill ſcenes and erratic gratifications. Thoſe who have paſſed many months

in a continual tumult of diverſion; who have never opened their eyes in the morning, but upon ſome new appointments, nor ſlept at night without a dream of dances, muſic and good hands, or ſoft ſighs and humble ſupplications; muſt now retire to diſtant provinces, where the ſyrens of flattery are ſcarcely to be heard, where beauty ſparkles without praiſe or envy, and wit is repeated only by the echo.

As I think it one of the moſt important duties of ſocial benevolence to give warning of the approach of calamity, when by timely prevention it may be turned aſide, or by preparatory meaſures be more eaſily endured, I cannot feel the increaſing warmth, or obſerve the lengthening days, without conſidering the condition of my fair readers, who are now preparing to leave all that has ſo long filled up their hours, all from which they have been accuſtomed to hope for delight; and who, till faſhion proclaims the liberty of returning to the ſeats of mirth and elegance, muſt endure the rugged 'ſquire, the ſober houſewife, the loud huntſman, or the formal parſon, the roar of obſtreperous jollity, or the dulneſs of prudential inſtruction; without any retreat, but to the gloom of ſolitude, where they will yet find greater inconveniences,

veniences, and muſt learn, however unwillingly, to endure themſelves.

In winter, the life of the polite and gay may be ſaid to roll on with a ſtrong and rapid current; they float along from pleaſure to pleaſure, without the trouble of regulating their own motions, and purſue the courſe of the ſtream in all the felicity of inattention; content that they find themſelves in progreſſion, and careleſs whither they are going. But the months of ſummer are a kind of ſleeping ſtagnation without wind or tide, where they are left to force themſelves forward by their own labour, and to direct their paſſage by their own ſkill; and where, if they have not ſome internal principle of activity, they muſt be ſtranded upon ſhallows, or lie torpid in a perpetual calm.

There are indeed ſome to whom this univerſal diſſolution of gay ſocieties affords a welcome opportunity of quitting, without diſgrace, the poſt which they have found themſelves unable to maintain, and of ſeeming to retreat, only at the call of nature, from aſſemblies where, after a ſhort triumph of uncontеſted ſuperiority, they are overpowered by ſome intruder of ſofter elegance or ſprightlier vivacity. By theſe, hopeleſs of victory, and yet aſhamed to confeſs a conqueſt, the ſum-

mer is regarded as a releaſe from the fatiguing ſervice of celebrity, a diſmiſſion to more certain joys and a ſafer empire. They now ſolace themſelves with the influence which they ſhall obtain, where they have no rival to fear; and with the luſtre which they ſhall effuſe, when nothing can be ſeen of brighter ſplendour. They imagine, while they are preparing for their journey, the admiration with which the ruſtics will croud about them; plan the laws of a new aſſembly, or contrive to delude provincial ignorance with a fictitious mode. A thouſand pleaſing expectations ſwarm in the fancy, and all the approaching weeks are filled with diſtinctions, honours, and authority.

But others, who have lately entered the world, or have yet had no proofs of its inconſtancy and deſertion, are cut off, by this cruel interruption, from the enjoyment of their prerogatives, and doomed to loſe four months in inactive obſcurity. Many complaints do vexation and deſire extort from theſe exiled tyrants of the town againſt the inexorable ſun, who purſues his courſe without any regard to love or beauty, and viſits either tropic at the ſtated time, whether ſhunned or courted, deprecated or implored.

To them who leave the places of public reſort in the full bloom of reputation, and withdraw from admiration, courtſhip, ſubmiſſion, and applauſe; a rural triumph can give nothing equivalent. The praiſe of ignorance, and the ſubjection of weakneſs, are little regarded by beauties who have been accuſtomed to more important conqueſts, and more valuable panegyrics. Nor indeed ſhould the powers which have made havock in the theatres, or borne down rivalry in courts, be degraded to a mean attack upon the untravelled heir, or ignoble conteſt with the ruddy milk-maid.

How then muſt four long months be worn away? Four months in which there will be no routs, no ſhews, no ridottos; in which viſits muſt be regulated by the weather, and aſſemblies will depend upon the moon! The *Platoniſts* imagine, that the future puniſhment of thoſe who have in this life debaſed their reaſon by ſubjection to their ſenſes, and have preferred the groſs gratifications of lewdneſs and luxury, to the pure and ſublime felicity of virtue and contemplation, will ariſe from the predominance and ſolicitations of the ſame appetites, in a ſtate which can furniſh no means of appeaſing them. I cannot but ſuſpect that this month, bright with ſunſhine, and fragrant with perfumes; this month, which covers the meadows

meadows with verdure, and decks the gardens with all the mixtures of colorific radiance; this month, from which the man of fancy expects new infusions of imagery, and the naturaliſt new ſcenes of obſervation; this month—will chain down multitudes to the *Platonic* penance of deſire, without enjoyment, and hurry them from the higheſt ſatisfactions, which they have yet learned to conceive, into a ſtate of hopeleſs wiſhes and pining recollection, where the eye of vanity will look round for admiration to no purpoſe, and the hand of avarice ſhuffle cards in a bower with ineffectual dexterity.

From the tedioufneſs of this melancholy ſuſpenſion of life, I would willingly preſerve thoſe who are expoſed to it only by inexperience; who want not inclination to wiſdom or virtue, though they have been diſſipated by negligence, or miſled by example; and who would gladly find the way to rational happineſs, though it ſhould be neceſſary to ſtruggle with habit, and abandon faſhion. To theſe many arts of ſpending time might be recommended, which would neither ſadden the preſent hour with wearineſs, nor the future with repentance.

It would ſeem impoſſible to a ſolitary ſpeculatiſt, that a human being can want employment. To be born in ignorance with a capacity of knowledge, and to be placed in the midſt of a world filled with variety, perpetually preſſing upon the ſenſes, and irritating curioſity, is ſurely a ſufficient ſecurity againſt the languiſhment of inattention. Novelty is indeed neceſſary to preſerve eagerneſs and alacrity; but art and nature have ſtores inexhauſtible by human intellects; and every moment produces ſomething new to him, who has quickened his faculties by diligent obſervation.

Some ſtudies, for which the country and the ſummer afford peculiar opportunities, I ſhall perhaps endeavour to recommend in a future eſſay; but if there be any apprehenſion not apt to admit unaccuſtomed ideas, or any attention ſo ſtubborn and inflexible, as not eaſily to comply with new directions, even theſe obſtructions cannot exclude the pleaſure of application; for there is a higher and nobler employment, to which all faculties are adapted by him who gave them. The duties of Religion, ſincerely and regularly performed, will always be ſufficient to exalt the meaneſt, and to exerciſe the higheſt underſtanding. That mind will never be vacant, which is frequently recalled by ſtated duties to meditations on eternal intereſts;

nor

nor can any hour be long, which is ſpent in obtaining ſome new qualifications for celeſtial happineſs.

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN HOWARD, Esq.

IF from your eye compaſſion's lucid tear
E'er ſhed its fainted gem on virtue's bier;
If ſad, ye've ſeen, amid the church-yard gloom,
The crawling ivy claſp the good man's tomb;
And if ye then have mourn'd, O! now beſtow
A ſigh for HIM, who was the friend of woe!
By mercy led from childhood to the grave,
He ſought to comfort, and he toil'd to ſave;
To help the wretched was his honeſt pride,
For them alone he liv'd—for them HE DIED!
Yes, ſuch was HOWARD, who, alas! no more
Shall with his influence cheer his native ſhore;
No more each priſon's dark receſſes ſeek,
To wipe the ſcalding drop from ſorrow's cheek;
No more to guilt his healing hope impart,
Or calm the workings of the widow's heart.
In a far diſtant land he fell, remov'd
From thoſe who honour'd him, and thoſe who lov'd;
Yet, full of well-earn'd fame, he ſunk to reſt,
By all his country's praiſe and wiſhes bleſt:

And

And ſure, as long as time itſelf ſhall laſt,
The *mem'ry* of his *deeds* can ne'er be paſt;
Though ENGLAND's glory ſwell from age to age,
And fill with excellence th' hiſtorian's page—
Still 'midſt her heroes and her kings ſhall ſhine,
With luſtre unimpair'd, this *man divine!*
Still future realms ſhall to his worth decree,
Thy matchleſs meed, benign humanity!
For not *alone* to ALBION's iſle confin'd—
His glowing boſom felt for ALL MANKIND.
Patient he wander'd on from coaſt to coaſt,
The world's great patriot, and ſublimeſt boaſt;
O'er the TURK's barb'rous plain he ſcatter'd light,
To pierce th' obſcurity of mental night;
'Mongſt plagues and famine ev'ry ill ſuſtain'd,
And what himſelf might undergo—diſdain'd.
Compos'd, yet firm, beneath the frozen ſkies,
Where ruthleſs RUSSIA's wildeſt tempeſt flies,
With philanthropic courſe he dar'd to roam,
Till HEAVEN, approving, call'd *its angel home!*

BRITONS, by this rever'd example taught,
Shall wider ſpread the tenderneſs of thought;
To ſoothe *his ſpirit*, pour the fervent vow,
And with the cypreſs twine the laurel bough.
So ſhall contemplation round diffuſe
Celeſtial pity's vivifying dews;

So ſhall triumphant ſympathy aſſuage
The throbs of anguiſh, and the threats of rage;
With with'ring frown each ſelfiſh ſoul appall,
And make benignant HOWARDS of us all.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

A Veteran, worn out in the ſervice of France, was reduced without a penſion; by continual labour he procured a ſcanty pittance, which ſcarcely kept in motion the pulſe of life. He complained not, nor did he repine at the will of Providence; having never deviated from the paths of honour, he knew not ſhame, whilſt the idea of conſcious merit heightened the bluſh of modeſty.

With the coarſeſt food he had been content, and with a mind reſigned to heaven, he had eaten the blackeſt bread with cheerfulneſs, were it not that a wife and three ſmall children ſhared his wretchedneſs. Is this, honour, thy recompence? Is this the reward for toil, for danger, for ſervice?

Fortune

Fortune once led him by the hand,—fortune was fickle;—yet ſhe placed his ſon, a youth, in *l'ecole militaire*—himſelf had ſolicited a penſion, but not having the means to continue the neceſſary attendance which greatneſs required, he abandoned his application, and retired from the world to content and poverty. He knew mankind, therefore he was not ſurprized that his miſery ſhould baniſh friendſhip.

At *l'ecole militaire*, his ſon might command every convenience that could improve the comforts of life, and the moſt ſumptuous table was prepared for his repaſt; yet amidſt all this noble proviſion a viſible inquietude appeared on the countenance of the youth, and the ſtrongeſt perſuaſion could not prevail on him to taſte of any thing, except the coarſeſt bread and a draught of water. An abſtinence of this kind, amidſt all the allurements of ſo many temptations, was regarded by the maſters as a very ſingular circumſtance; the Duke de Choiſeul was informed of an incident ſo uncommon, he ordered the youth before him, and aſked the reaſon of his forbearance. The boy, with a manly fortitude, replied,—'Sir, when I had the honour of being admitted to the protection of this royal foundation, my father conducted me hither. We came on foot; on our journey, the demands

of nature were relieved by bread and water! I was received, my father bleſſed me, and returned to the protection of a helpleſs wife and family; as long as I can remember, bread of the blackeſt kind, with water, has been their daily ſubſiſtence, and even that is earned by labour of every kind which honour does not forbid. To this fare, Sir, my father is returned; therefore, whilſt he, my mother, and ſiſters, are compelled to endure ſuch wretchedneſs, is it poſſible that I can enjoy the bounteous plenty of my gracious king?' The Duke felt his tale of nature; gave the boy three louis d'ors for pocket money, and promiſed that he would order his father a penſion. The youth, enraptured at this benevolent aſſurance, beſeeched the Duke's permiſſion to go immediately to his father with the joyful tidings. The Duke aſſured him that it ſhould be carried by an expreſs. The boy then took the three louis d'ors, and begged theſe might be ſent, for they would be uſeful to his deareſt relations; and whilſt they were in want, he could have no enjoyment, even of the king's treaſures.

Such is the ſenſibility that harmonizes the ſoul, and gives it the niceſt tone of benevolence, and univerſal commiſeration. And, Choiſeul, if thy name be tranſmitted to poſterity, with every vir-

tue

tue that it merits, this inſtance of thy juſtice and humanity will dignify the nobleſt action of thy life. Happy Louis, who had a miniſter ſuſceptible of ſuch tender ſenſations. Happy Choiſeul! who had a virtuous prince to encourage the indulgence of them. The miniſter failed not in his word. He brought forth indigent merit from diſtreſs, and the boy is now grown up an ornament to human nature, and is one of the beſt officers in the ſervice of France.

OLD ENGLISH ANECDOTES.

IN the time of Nero, when we could no longer bear the Roman bondage, Boadicea animated the Britons to ſhake it off, and concluded thus:—"Let the Romans, who are no better than hares and foxes, underſtand, that they make a wrong match with wolves and greyhounds." As ſhe ſaid this, ſhe let a hare out from her lap as a token of the fearfulneſs of the Romans. The ſucceſs of the battle however proved otherwiſe.

DURING the reign of Severus, no leſs than three thouſand women were accuſed of adultery at Rome, at which time Julia the Empreſs, in

in a converſation with Argetocax, a Britiſh lady, condemned the females of Britain, for not conducting themſelves towards our ſex in the manner of the Roman women. The reply was, 'We indeed live with the beſt and braveſt men openly, and therefore may be cenſured; but how much more do you merit cenſure, who are familiar with the moſt baſe and vile companions ſecretly.'

CONSTANTINE, the ſon of Conſtantinus Clorus the Emperor, in endeavouring to diſſuade a man from covetouſneſs, drew with his lance, the length and breadth of a man's grave, ſaying, 'This is all that thou ſhalt have, when thou ſhalt be dead, if happily thou canſt get as much.'

EDWARD the Confeſſor, one afternoon lying in his bed with his curtains drawn round about him, a poor pilfering courtier entered his chamber, where finding the king's caſket open, which Hugoline his chamberlain had forgot to ſhut, he took out as much money as he could well carry, and went away. But inſatiable avarice brought him a ſecond time, and a third, on which

the

the king, who lay ſtill, and pretended not to ſee, began to ſpeak, and bade him retire as quick as poſſible, for, "if Hugoline diſcovered him, he was not only likely to loſe what he had gotten, but alſo to ſtretch on an halter." The fellow was no ſooner gone, but Hugoline came in, and ſeeing the caſket open, and almoſt empty, was much agitated. The king, however, endeavoured to relieve his mind, and aſſured him, "that he who had it, needed it more than they did."

SEWARD, the brave Earl of Northumberland, feeling, in his ſickneſs, that he drew near his end, quitted his bed, and put on his armour, ſaying, "that it became not a man to die like a beaſt:" on which he died ſtanding—an act as heroic as it was ſingular.

WHEN the ſame Seward underſtood that his ſon, whom he had ſent into the ſervice againſt the Scotch, was ſlain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore or hind parts of his body; and, being informed in the forepart, replied, "I am rejoiced to hear it, and wiſh no other kind of death to befall me or mine."

SIN-

SINGULAR ANECDOTE
OF
CHARLES THE TWELFTH OF SWEDEN.

COURAGE and inflexible conſtancy formed the baſis of this monarch's character. In his tendereſt years he gave inſtances of both.—When he was yet ſcarce ſeven years old, being at dinner with the Queen his mother, intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal ſnapped too greedily at the morſel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner.—The wound bled copiouſly; but our young hero, without offering to cry, or take the leaſt notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, leſt his dog ſhould be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The Queen perceiving that he did not eat, aſked him the reaſon; he contented himſelf with replying, that he thanked her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and repeated their ſolicitations. But all was in vain, though he was already grown pale with the loſs of blood. An officer who attended at table, at laſt perceived it; for Charles would ſooner have died than betrayed his dog, which, he knew, intended no injury.

A CHINESE ANECDOTE.

THE laſt Emperor of China was one of the greateſt monarchs of his age, and for nothing more celebrated than the rigour and ſtrictneſs of his juſtice; but he was warm in his purſuits of pleaſure, and impatient of interruption, when his mind was intent upon it. The viceroy of one of the provinces of that vaſt empire that lay moſt remote from the imperial city, had wrongfully confiſcated the eſtate of an honeſt merchant, and reduced his family to the extremeſt miſery. The poor man found means to travel as far as to the Emperor's court, and carried back with him a letter to the viceroy, commanding him to reſtore the goods which he had taken ſo illegally. Far from obeying this command, the viceroy put the merchant in priſon; but he had the good fortune to eſcape, and went once more to the capital, where he caſt himſelf at the Emperor's feet, who treated him with much humanity, and gave orders that he ſhould have another letter. The merchant wept at this reſolution, and repreſented how ineffectual the firſt had proved, and the reaſon he had to fear that the ſecond would be as little regarded. The Emperor, who had been ſtopped by this complaint, as he was going with much haſte to dine in

the apartments of a favourite lady, grew a little diſcompoſed, and anſwered with ſome emotion, 'I can do no more than ſend my commands; and if he refuſes to obey them, put thy foot upon his neck.' "I implore your Majeſty's compaſſion," replied the merchant, holding faſt the Emperor's robe, "his power is too mighty for my weakneſs, and your juſtice preſcribes a remedy, which your wiſdom has never examined."

The Emperor had, by this time, recollected himſelf, and raiſing the merchant from the ground, ſaid, 'You are in the right; to complain of him was your part, but it is mine to ſee him puniſhed. I will appoint commiſſioners to go back with you, and make ſearch into the grounds of his proceeding, with power, if they find him guilty, to deliver him into your hands, and leave you viceroy in his ſtead; for ſince you have taught me how to govern, you muſt be able to govern for me.'

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF HATRED AND PASSION.

JOHN de Medici, when young, was made a cardinal through his father's intereſt; but never

ver could conciliate to himſelf the affection or friendſhip of his brother Garcias, who was known to be of a furious, vindictive diſpoſition. One day the two brothers, while at hunting, found themſelves alone in following the chace, far removed from all their attendants; and Garcias took that opportunity of quarrelling with his brother, whom he ſtabbed to the heart with his dagger.—He then rejoined his company, without diſcovering, in his countenance or manner, the ſmalleſt emotion, as if any thing extraordinary had happened. The cardinal's horſe, however, returning without his rider, the company, by tracing back the prints of his hoofs, diſcovered the place where John lay murdered. His body being carried to Florence, the grand duke, his father, ordered that the circumſtance of the murder ſhould be concealed; and gave out that his ſon died of an apoplectic fit, while he was hunting. He then ordered the dead body to be conveyed into an inner apartment, and ſending for Garcias, to whoſe malignant diſpoſition he was no ſtranger, he taxed him with the murder. The youth denied it at firſt with great warmth, and in the ſtrongeſt manner; but being introduced into the room where the body lay, it is ſaid to have bled (very poſſibly by chance) at his approach. He then threw himſelf at his father's feet, and confeſſed

the charge. The father, who had reſolved on the part he was to act, ſolemnly deſired his ſon to prepare for death; adding, that he ought to account it a happineſs, that he was about to loſe that life, of which his crime had rendered him unworthy, by no other hand than that of him who gave it. He then plucked out of his ſheath the dagger with which Garcias had murdered the cardinal, and which ſtill hung by his ſide, and plunging it into his boſom, he fell dead by his brother's ſide.

This dreadful cataſtrophe happened in 1562, when the cardinal was no more than eighteen, and Garcias fifteen years of age. The father ordered the facts to be concealed; and all but they from whom it could not be concealed, believed the two brothers died of a peſtilential diſtemper, which then raged at Florence. To give this report authenticity, both bodies were buried with great pomp, and a funeral oration was pronounced over that of Garcias.

This tragedy, however, proved fatal to the mother, who was ſo affected with the death of her two ſons, that ſhe ſurvived them but a few days.

AN INSTANCE OF
TURKISH JUSTICE.

A Grocer of the city of Smyrna had a ſon, who with the help of the little learning the country could afford, roſe to the poſt of naib, or deputy of the cadi, or mayor of the city, and as ſuch viſited the markets, and inſpected the weights and meaſures of all retail dealers. One day, as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbours, who knew enough of his father's character to ſuſpect that he might ſtand in need of the caution, adviſed him to move his weights, for fear of the worſt; but the old cheat depending on his relation to the inſpector, and ſure, as he thought, that his ſon would not expoſe him to a public affront, laughed at their advice, and ſtood very calmly at his ſhop door, waiting for his coming. The naib, however, was well aſſured of the diſhoneſty and unfair dealing of his father, and reſolved to detect his villainy, and make an example of him. Accordingly he ſtopped at the door, and ſaid coolly to him, 'Good man, fetch out your weights, that we may examine them.' Inſtead of obeying, the grocer would fain have put it off with a laugh, but was ſoon convinced his ſon was ſerious, by hearing him order the officers to ſearch his ſhop,

and

and ſeeing them produce the inſtruments of his fraud, which, after an impartial examination, were openly condemned and broken to pieces.—His ſhame and confuſion, however, he hoped would plead with a ſon to excuſe him all farther puniſhment of his crime: but even this, though entirely arbitrary, the naib made as ſevere as for the moſt indifferent offender, for he ſentenced him to a fine of fifty piaſtres, and to receive a baſtinado of as many blows on the ſoles of his feet.

All this was executed on the ſpot, after which the naib, leaping from his horſe, threw himſelf at his feet, and watering them with his tears, addreſſed him thus: 'Father, I have diſcharged my duty to my God, my ſovereign, and my country, as well as my ſtation; permit me now, by my reſpect and ſubmiſſion, to acquit the debt I owe a parent. Juſtice is blind—it is the power of God on earth—it has no regard to father or ſon—God and our neighbours' rights, are above the ties of nature—you had offended againſt the laws of juſtice, you deſerved this puniſhment—you would, in the end, have received it from ſome other. I am ſorry it was your fate to have received it from me. My conſcience would not ſuffer me to act otherwiſe; behave better for the future, and inſtead

ſtead of blaming, pity my being reduced to ſo cruel a neceſſity.'

This done, he mounted his horſe again, and then continued his journey, amidſt the acclamations and praiſes of the whole city for ſo extraordinary a piece of juſtice; report of which being made to the Sublime Porte, the Sultan advanced him to the poſt of cadi; from whence, by degrees, he roſe to the dignity of mufti, who is the head of both religion and law among the Turks.

ANECDOTE OF NELL GWYN.

AFTER the death of Charles II. Lord W—, ſtruck with the charms of Mrs. E. Gwyn, made propoſals of marriage to her; at firſt ſhe rallied him about it, but finding him not only very ſerious, but very preſſing in the buſineſs, ſhe replied, 'No, my lord, it is not fit the *dog* ſhould lie where the *lion* ſlept.'

ANEC-

ANECDOTE
OF
ADDISON, STEELE, AND SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

THE character of Sir Roger de Coverley, in the *Spectator*, is univerſally known to have been drawn by the pen of Mr. Addiſon. When in one of the papers, he had brought Sir Roger to town, he left him for a day in the hands of Sir Richard Steele, and he, not quite ſo ſcrupulous as his friend Addiſon, made the good-humoured knight perambulate Covent-garden with a nymph of the compliant kind. This angered Addiſon exceedingly; he called upon Steele, and told him, 'that he had deſtroyed that conſiſtency of character which he had been ſo anxious to preſerve.'

Steele ſmiled at this, alledging, that he had not made the knight do more than the moſt rigid moraliſt might have done. This did not ſatisfy Addiſon, who told Steele, 'he would put it out of his power to injure Sir Roger in future, by killing him immediately.'

He

He kept his word; for, making the knight take his leave of London, the next paper contained an account from Coverley-hall of his death.

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

I.

NOT from the duſt my ſorrows ſpring,
Nor drop my comforts from the lower ſkies;
Let all the baneful planets ſhed
Their mingled curſes on my head.
How vain their curſes, if th' Eternal King
Look through the clouds, and bleſs me with his eyes.
Creatures with all their boaſted ſway
Are but his ſlaves, and muſt obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.

II.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to ſleep;
The north wind bluſters, and aſſumes command
Over the deſart and the deep;

Old Boreas with his freezing pow'rs
Turns the earth iron, make the ocean glaſs,
Arreſts the dancing riv'lets as they paſs,
And chains them moveleſs to their ſhores:
The grazing ox lows to the gelid ſkies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
Walks o'er the ſolid lakes, ſnuffs up the wind,
and dies.

III.

Fly to the polar world, my ſong,
And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched throng!)
Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of ſtatues on the Ruſſian plains,
And life ſtands frozen in the purple veins.
Atheiſt, forbear; no more blaſpheme:
God has a thouſand terrors in his name,
A thouſand armies at command,
Waiting the ſignal of his hand,
And magazines of froſt, and magazines of flame:
Dreſs thee in ſteel to meet his wrath;
His ſharp artillery from the north
Shall pierce thee to the ſoul, and ſhake thy mortal frame.
Sublime on winter's rugged wings;
He rides in arms along the ſky,
And ſcatters fate on ſwains and kings;
And flocks, and herds, and nations die;

While impious lips profanely bold,
Grow pale; and quivering at his dreadful cold,
Give their own blaſphemies the lie.

IV.

The miſchiefs that infeſt the earth,
When the hot dog-ſtar fires the realms on high,
Drought and diſeaſe, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flaſhes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd divinity.
In vain our parching palates thirſt,
For vital food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath;
The verdant fields are burnt to duſt,
The ſun has drunk the channel dry,
And all the air is death.
Ye ſcourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

V.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods,
That all the leafy ſtandards ſtrip,
And bear down with a mighty ſweep
The riches of the field, and honours of the woods;
Storms that ravage o'er the deep,
And bury millions in the waves;

Earthquakes, that in midnight ſleep
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves;
While you diſpenſe your mortal harms,
'Tis the Creator's voice that ſounds your loud alarms,
When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms.

VI.

O for a meſſage from above
To bear my ſpirits up!
Some pledge of my Creator's love,
To calm my terrors and ſupport my hope!
Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine;
While thou art ſovereign, I'm ſecure;
I ſhall be rich till thou art poor;
For all I fear, and all I wiſh, heav'n, earth, and hell, are thine.

THE CITIZEN OF ABBEVILLE.

A Rich trader of Abbeville, having got entangled in diſputes and law-ſuits with a very powerful family, formed the reſolution, in order to

to prevent his utter ruin, of emigrating from his native place, and ſettled with his wife and family at Paris. There he rendered homage to the king, and became his ſubject. The knowledge that he had acquired of buſineſs, of which he took the advantage to carry on a little traffic, afforded him the means of adding ſomething to his property.—He was much beloved in the neighbourhood for his civility and plain dealing. How eaſy is it, when one wiſhes it, to gain the good opinion of the world! all that is requiſite is a ſincere intention: in general it does not coſt a farthing.

Thus did our honeſt citizen paſs ſeven years in his new reſidence; at the expiration of which, God was pleaſed to take away his wife. For thirty years they had been united, without ever having the leaſt difference. The ſon for ſeveral years was ſo greatly afflicted at the loſs, that his father was obliged to try all in his power to conſole the youth. 'Your mother is gone,' ſaid he, 'it is a misfortune that cannot be remedied. Let us only pray to God to have mercy on her; our tears will not reſtore her to us. For my own part, all I can expect, is very ſoon to go and join her. At my age we muſt not look far forward. It is in you, my ſon, that all my hopes centre. All my relations and friends are left behind me in Ponthieu;

thieu; and I ſhall never expect to ſee any of them more. Strive to improve yourſelf, and to become an accompliſhed youth. If I can find a young lady of good birth and character, whoſe family may furniſh us with an agreeable ſociety, I will give her whatever portion may be demanded, and will end my old days with her and you.'

Now in the ſame ſtreet with our citizen, and almoſt directly oppoſite, lived three brothers, knights and gentlemen, both by the father and mother's ſide, and all three eſteemed for their valour. The eldeſt was a widower, and had a daughter. The whole family was poor; not that they were originally without fortune, but in a moment of difficulty, having been obliged to have recourſe to uſurers, their debt, by rapid accumulation of intereſt, had amounted to three thouſand livres, for which their property was either pledged or taken in execution; very little remaining with the father beſides the houſe in which he reſided. This was ſo good, that he might eaſily have let it for twenty livres. He would rather have ſold it, had it been in his power; but it had been his wife's property, and reverted to the daughter.

The citizen went to demand the girl in marriage of the three brothers. They, before they gave

gave him their anſwer, demanded to know what was his fortune. 'In money and effects,' ſaid he, 'I am worth fifteen hundred livres; all which I have honeſtly acquired. Half of it I will give immediately to my ſon; and the other half will go to him after my death.' "Honeſt friend," replied the brothers, "that will not do. You now promiſe, that you will leave half your property to your ſon after your deceaſe, and you promiſe it in ſo ingenuous a manner, that we have no doubt of your ſincerity. But before that may happen, you may take it into your head to be made a monk or a templar; and then all muſt go to the convent. Your grandchildren will not have any thing."

The three brothers then required that, before the contract was concluded, the citizen ſhould make a grant of all his property; otherwiſe they would not agree to the marriage. The good man did not at firſt fully approve theſe conditions; but paternal affection getting the better at length of his ſcruples, he conſented; and in the preſence of ſome witneſſes, who were convoked on the occaſion, he relinquiſhed and renounced ſolemnly all his effects, not leaving himſelf wherewithal to purchaſe a dinner. Thus did he pave the way to his own miſery, by throwing himſelf into an entire

tire dependance on his children. Alas! if he had been aware of what awaited him, he would have been careful how he devoted himſelf to ſuch wretchedneſs.

The young couple ſoon after had a ſon; who, as he grew up, gave the moſt flattering teſtimonies of a great fund of good-ſenſe, and many amiable qualities. In the mean while, the old man lived, ſometimes better and ſometimes worſe, at his ſon's houſe. He was juſt tolerated, becauſe he gained ſomething by his induſtry. But with years, his infirmities increaſed; and when he was no longer able to work, they found him an incumbrance. The wife, eſpecially, being of a proud, haughty diſpoſition, could not bear him. Every day ſhe threatened to leave the houſe, unleſs he was removed; and ſhe became ſo importunate with her huſband upon this head, that he, like an ungrateful monſter, forgetting the debt of gratitude and of nature, went to intimate to his unhappy father, that it was neceſſary for him to ſeek an aſylum in ſome other place.

"What is it you tell me, ſon?" cried the old man. "What! have I given you the produce of ſixty years labour, and eſtabliſhed you in affluence, to be turned out of my houſe! Will you puniſh

puniſh me then for the exceſs of my parental love? In the name of God, my dear ſon, I conjure you not to let me die of want. You know that I am unable to walk; grant me, at leaſt, ſome uſeleſs corner in the houſe. I aſk neither for a bed, nor for the proviſions of the table. A little ſtraw thrown under a ſhed, with ſome bread and water, will ſatisfy me. At my age life requires ſo little! and beſides, with all my infirmities and cares, I cannot poſſibly be long a burden to you. If you are diſpoſed to give alms in expiation of your ſins, let it be to your father; can any charity be more praiſe-worthy? Recollect, my dear ſon, what bringing you up in the courſe of thirty years coſt me: think of the bleſſings that God has promiſed to thoſe that have regard to their parents here on earth; and dread his eternal anger, if you ſhould venture to be yourſelf the murderer of your father."

This pathetic ſpeech cauſed an emotion in the ſon; he nevertheleſs alledged the averſion and diſcontent of his wife; and for the ſake of family quiet, required the old man's departure. "Where would you have me go?" replied the father.— "Will ſtrangers receive me, when my own ſon turns me out of doors? Without money, without reſource, I muſt then beg the bread neceſſary for

 ſubſiſtence."

ſubſiſtence." As he ſpoke, the old man's face was bathed in tears. He took, however, the ſtick that helped to keep himſelf erect, and, riſing, prayed to God to forgive his ſon. But before he went out, he aſked a laſt favour. "The winter," ſaid he, "is approaching, and if I am condemned to exiſt till then, I ſhall have nothing to defend me from the cold. My coat is in rags. In return for the many that I have been obliged to provide you with during your life, grant me one of yours. I require only one of the worſt,—one that you have entirely caſt off." This ſlender boon was alſo denied him. The wife anſwered, that there was no coat in the houſe that would ſuit him. He then intreated that they would at leaſt give him one of the horſes' body-cloths; when the ſon, finding that he could object no longer, made the young boy a ſignal to bring one.

This youth could not ſee, without being deeply affected, the diſtreſs of his grandfather. He was now ten years old, and was endowed, as was ſaid before, with many amiable qualities. He went and took out of the ſtable the beſt of the houſings, which he cut into two parts, and brought one of them to the old man. "All then are conſpired to ſeek my death," ſaid the old man, ſobbing; "I had obtained the promiſe of that poor ſolace, and yet

yet I am envied the whole of it!" The ſon could not avoid reproving his boy for going beyond the directions he had received.—'Pardon me, Sir,' ſaid the youth, 'but I thought you wanted to kill your father as ſoon as poſſible, and I wiſhed to ſecond your deſign. As for the other half of the horſe-cloth, it ſhall not be loſt: I intend keeping it to give to you, when you are old.'

So well-contrived a rebuke had its effect on the ungrateful ſon; he perceived his fault, and aſked pardon of his father;—led him once more into the houſe, put him in poſſeſſion of his former property, and thenceforward behaved towards him with the reſpect and regard due to his age and condition.

Remember this ſtory, ye fathers, who have children to marry. Be wiſer than this old man; and do not, like him, precipitate yourſelves into a gulph from which you may find it impoſſible to be extricated. Your children, no doubt, will have a regard for you; and you ought to be perſuaded of it; but the ſureſt method is not to truſt to it. Whoever reduces himſelf to a dependance on others, expoſes himſelf to a great deal of ſorrow.

CONTEMPT
OF
THE TRIFLES OF THIS WORLD.

IF we look upward to heaven, we ſhall behold there all the inhabitants looking down with a ſacred contempt upon the trifles, amuſements, buſineſſes and cares of this preſent life, that engroſs our affections, awaken our deſires, fill our hearts with pleaſure or pain, and our fleſh with conſtant labour. With what holy ſcorn, do you think, thoſe ſouls, who are diſmiſſed from fleſh, look down upon the hurries and buſtles of the preſent ſtate in which we are engaged? They dwell in the full ſight of thoſe glories which they hope for here on earth; and their intimate acquaintance with the pleaſures of that upper world, and the divine ſenſations that are raiſed in them there, make them contemn all the pleaſures of this ſtate, and every thing below heaven. This is a part of eternal life; this belongs in ſome degree to every believer: for he is not a believer, that is not got above this world in a good meaſure; he is not a Chriſtian, who is not weaned in ſome degree, from this world: "For this is our victory, whereby we overcome the world, even our faith." 1 John v. 4. "He that is born of God overcometh the world;

world; he that believes in Jeſus, is born of God." Whence the argument is plain, he that believes in Jeſus the Son of God, overcomes this preſent world. And where Chriſtianity is raiſed to a good degree of life and power in the ſoul; where we ſee the Chriſtian got near to heaven, he is, as it were, a fellow for angels, a fit companion for the 'ſpirits of the juſt made perfect.' The affairs of this life are beneath his beſt deſires and his hopes; he engages his hand in them ſo far as God his Father appoints his duty; but he longs for the upper world, where his hopes are gone before. When ſhall I be entirely diſmiſſed from this labour and toil? The gaudy pleaſures this world entertains me with, are no entertainments to me; I am weaned from them, I am born for above.

This is the language of that faith that overcometh the world; and faith, where it is wrought in the ſoul, hath, in ſome meaſure, this effect; and where it ſhines in its brightneſs, it hath, in a great degree, this ſublime grace accompanying it; or rather (ſhall I ſay) this piece of heavenly glory. Pain and ſickneſs, poverty and reproach, ſorrow and death itſelf, have been contemned by thoſe that have believed in Jeſus Chriſt, with much more honour to Chriſtianity than ever was brought to other religions.

THE

THE UNION
OF
PIETY AND MORALITY.

THIS forms the conſiſtent, the graceful, the reſpectable character of the real chriſtian, the man of true worth. Either of them left out, one ſide of the character is only fair; the other ſide will always be open to much reproach. Hence we diſhonour ourſelves, and do great injuſtice to religion; as by diviſion it is expoſed to the cenſure of the world.

The unbeliever will ſcoff at ſuch piety, where he ſees neglect of moral duties. The bigot will decry all morality, where he ſees a pretence of virtue, though a contempt of God. Whereas he who fears God, and is at the ſame time juſt and beneficent to men, exhibits religion to the world with full propriety. His character is above reproach. It is at once amiable and venerable.—Malice itſelf is afraid to attack him; and even the worſt men reſpect and honour him in their hearts. He who fails materially either in piety or virtue, is always obnoxious to the anguiſh of remorſe.

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

TO a man of pleaſure every moment appears to be loſt, which partakes not of the vivacity of amuſement. To connect one plan of gaiety with another is his ſole ſtudy, till in a very ſhort time nothing remains but to beat the ſame round, to enjoy what they have already enjoyed, and to ſee what they have often ſeen.

Pleaſures thus drawn to the dregs become vapid and taſteleſs. What might have pleaſed long, if enjoyed with temperance and mingled with retirement, being devoured with ſuch eager haſte, ſpeedily ſurfeits and diſguſts. Hence having run through a rapid courſe of pleaſure, after having glittered for a few years in the foremoſt line of public amuſements, ſuch men are the moſt apt to fly at laſt to a melancholy retreat; not led by religion or reaſon, but driven by diſappointed hopes and exhauſted ſpirits to the penſive concluſion, that all is vanity.

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT

OF THE LATE

LORD SACKVILLE's DEATH.

WHEN Lord Sackville was at the point of death, Sir John Elliot was called in and conſulted. His Lordſhip aſked him if every thing proper had been done? The Doctor anſwering in the affirmative, his Lordſhip with firmneſs replied, "I am aware of my fate. and am perfectly reſigned." He then wiſhed to know if there might be time to ſend for his attorney from London, for the purpoſe of making a codicil to his will, and expreſſed much ſatisfaction, on being told there would. After which he called his family about him, and deſired to ſend for the Clergyman of his pariſh, that they might together receive the ſacrament. He could have wiſhed, he ſaid, to have ſeen his ſon at age, but acquieſced in his preſent lot, believing it to be for the beſt. The laſt act of his life manifeſted a magnanimity rather uncommon, and afforded a circumſtance, that will be conſidered by ſome as curious. He called to the bedſide Mr. Cumberland. "You ſee," ſaid his Lordſhip, "the ſtate I am in, and I charge you to mind what I now ſay to you. I have ſeen much of life, and have experienced its viciſ-

viciſſitudes; but in no one ſituation throughout my life, did I ever feel a failure in my fortitude, any more than I do at this preſent moment." Convulſions ſoon apprized him of the approach of death, when he calmly ordered his family to withdraw, and with unſhaken compoſure cloſed the awful ſcene.

ANECDOTE
OF
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Johnſon was in Scotland, amongſt other curioſities ſhewn him, he was taken to a very ancient and high caſtle, which was reckoned to command the moſt extenſive view of any in the country: "Well, Sir, ſays the guide, what do you think of this proſpect?"— "By much the fineſt in all Scotland, ſays the Doctor, for I can here ſee the road to England."

ANECDOTE
OF AN
IRISH GENTLEMAN.

AT a race in the North, ſome time ago, among other horſes, one called Botheram ſtarted for the plate. The Iriſhman taking a fancy to the name, betted large odds in his favour. Towards the concluſion of the race, his favourite was unluckily in the rear, on which he exclaimed—"Ah! by Jaſus, there he is, Botheram for ever! See how he drives them all before him."

ANECDOTE
OF
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

DR. Johnſon being at dinner at Mrs. Macauley's, the converſation turned on the equality of mankind, which the lady of the houſe contended for with all the energy of a republican. Johnſon made a few ſhort anſwers, in hopes to change the ſubject, but finding ſhe would go on, he finiſhed his dinner with as much haſte as poſſible, and then giving the plate to the footman, begged he'd take

his

his place: "Good God! what are you about, Doctor?" ſaid the lady.—"Oh! nothing, Madam, but to preſerve the equality of mankind."

ANECDOTE
OF
FREDERIC THE SECOND.

WHEN Frederic built the palace of Sans Souci, there happened to be a mill which greatly ſtraitened him in the execution of his plan, and he deſired to know how much the miller would take for it. The miller replied, that, for a long ſeries of years, his family poſſeſſed the mill from father to ſon, and that he would not ſell it. The king employed ſolicitations, offered to build him a mill in a better place, beſides paying any ſum which he might demand. The obſtinate miller perſiſted in his determinations to preſerve the inheritance of his anceſtors. The king, irritated at this reſiſtance, ſent for him, and ſaid to him angrily, "Why do you refuſe to ſell your mill, notwithſtanding all the advantages which I have offered to you?" The miller repeated all his reaſons. "Do you know," continued the king, "that I could take it without giving you a farthing?"—

" Yes," replied the miller, " if it was not for the chamber of juſtice at Berlin." The king was extremely flattered with this anſwer, which ſhewed that he was incapable of an act of injuſtice. He acquieſced in the miller's refuſal, and changed the plan of his gardens.

An ANECDOTE.

A Very young man, of good natural underſtanding, and heir to an affluent fortune, would needs be a traveller. In the courſe of his adventures, he fell into company, in Naples, with ſome well-travelled, well-informed foreigners.—They were converſing of what they had ſeen in England; and ſome little difference in opinion ariſing about the architecture of Windſor-Caſtle, they naturally referred themſelves to the young Engliſhman for deciſion. With much confuſion and heſitation he was compelled to confeſs, he had never ſeen the building in queſtion. The company, with true foreign politeneſs, only teſtified their admiration with a ſilent ſmile,—but the reflection inſtantly ſtruck, and pained the young gentleman. The reſult was, that he returned for England within two days, rationally determined to inſtruct himſelf in the knowledge of his own country,

country, before he pried into thoſe afar off. His reflection and determination did equal credit to his underſtanding.

THE VIRTUOUS VILLAGER.

A MORAL TALE.

THERE are but too many of the Fellows of Fire in this gay metropolis who, in conſequence of a licentious education, looſe principles, and fortunes ſufficient to render them extremely inſolent, are led to imagine that they may take the moſt unwarrantable liberties with the fair ſex, and ſeduce as many women as they poſſibly can. The ſucceſs which they meet with in the female world, gives them, it muſt be owned, too much encouragement to believe that their powers of ſeduction are irreſiſtible; yet they often find themſelves unable, with all their rhetoric and treachery into the bargain, to carry their iniquitous deſigns into execution; and to their additional mortification, ſometimes receive noble repulſes from thoſe women whom they conſider, from the lowneſs of their ſtations, as created entirely for their pleaſure, and of courſe attack them with far leſs ceremony than they would others in a higher ſphere; not

not thinking any delicacy of addreſs neceſſary with ſuch poor creatures, they proceed at once to the application of their golden arguments, without having the leaſt doubt concerning the efficacy of them. Such arguments have too much force over the beſt educated and moſt accompliſhed fair ones, as well as over the inferior part of the female ſex: when we therefore ſee them rendered unavailing by a virtuous oppoſition among the latter, we are doubly charmed with the ſpirit by which they are defeated.

Sir Charles Spearman, as fine a young fellow as nature ever formed, and as ſeducing as art could make him, preſumed ſo much upon his purſe, his perſon, and his addreſs, that he fancied every woman he met with was in love with him; his vanity was exceſſive, but it would have been a venial failing if it had not prompted him to actions not to be defended in a court of honour, though they might be laughed at in a court of juſtice.

Being of an amorous complexion, and agreeable in the moſt extenſive ſenſe of the word, Sir Charles naturally employed his talents of pleaſing in order to triumph over female frailty, and his gallantries, indeed his victories, though not brilliant

liant in the eye of reaſon, gave him no ſmall importance in the eye of the world; and every new conqueſt of the ſame kind increaſed it.

In an excurſion one day thro' a village in the Weſt of England, his attention was ſuddenly engaged by the appearance of a very pretty girl at work with ſeveral ſun-burnt women, who were admirable foils to her, though ſhe had evident marks in her face of the power of the ſolar rays over it. Her complexion was certainly brown, but her features were ſo elegantly arranged, and ſhe had a pair of ſuch bright eyes in her head, that Sir Charles could not for ſome moments take his eyes from her: he ſat upon his horſe as if he was glued to his ſaddle, and ſtared at the handſome villager before him as if he had never ſeen a female figure till then. In ſhort, her face, form, and *tout enſemble* had ſuch an effect upon him—(though he had been *un homme de bonne fortune* among ſome of the firſt-rate females of the age) that he determined to be very intimately acquainted with her. Charmed with her perſon, he was ſufficiently encouraged by the humility of her dreſs and employment to believe that he poſſeſſed, what would not only facilitate the completion of his wiſhes, but exclude diſappointment.

Animated

Animated with theſe conſiderations, and ſpurred on by preſumption, he ordered his ſervant to make all the enquiries in his power, about the girl who had occaſioned ſuch a violent commotion in his boſom, and rode towards a public houſe, which was, he knew, at no great diſtance from the new object of his wiſhes.

Tom having been long accuſtomed to any employ of his maſter, as well as to the other duties of a domeſtic, very readily undertook to procure all the information he could, and accordingly, upon his maſter's trotting away, had recourſe to a ſtratagem, in order to force the attention of the females labouring in the adjacent field. Throwing himſelf from his horſe with a great deal of dexterity, and roaring out while he lay upon the ground, as if much hurt, he ſoon brought the very perſon to his aſſiſtance whoſe notice he had chiefly wiſhed to attract, the ruſtic herſelf, whoſe beauty had ſo powerfully operated upon his maſter, and raiſed ſuch a diſturbance in his breaſt.

This girl being much nearer the road than any of her companions, in a few moments appeared upon the ſpot where the pretended accident had happened; and as ſhe was naturally of a benevolent diſpoſition, ſhe, with an eagerneſs which evi-

dently

dently proceeded at once from her fears and her good nature, aſked the loudly complaining ſtranger, where he had hurt himſelf.

Tom told her the truth when he ſaid that none of his bones were broken, but he ſtepped over the line of veracity, when he added, that he was bruiſed from head to foot, and never had received ſo confounded a fall in his life. Upon ſome occaſion, a lie of this ſort might have been honoured with the faſhionable appellation of a *white one*; but as Tom uttered it with a wicked deſign, it was perhaps rather a *black one*. However, it anſwered his purpoſe better than he expected, for, in conſequence of his diſmal groans and wry faces, Patty Fielding (that was the villager's name) preſſed him to follow her, if he was able, to her uncle's cottage, aſſuring him, at the ſame time, with a heartineſs which he little merited, that both her uncle and aunt would do the beſt they could to ſet him upon his horſe again.

With this invitation Tom complied, as it may be eaſily imagined, without the ſlighteſt demurring; and to the care of his innocent conductreſs we ſhall leave him for awhile, and give ſome account of the Baronet's proceedings.

Sir Charles, upon his arrival at the houſe at which he intended to put up, made the minuteſt enquiries after the poor people in the neighbouring cottages, and by aſking mine hoſt of the Red Lion, if there were any pretty girls near him, received an anſwer very much to his ſatisfaction. By that anſwer he diſcovered that the girl who had flung him into a fever of love, was the niece of an induſtrious old couple, who made a ſhift to gain a bare ſubſiſtence, and who were then particularly to be pitied, as their landlord, a ſour, ſevere man, had threatened to turn them out of their dwelling, and to ſeize their goods, as ſome late loſſes had prevented them from paying their rent.

As a man not deſtitute of good nature, Sir Charles felt for the diſtreſſes of the worthy pair, ſtruggling with the preſſures of poverty and age; but as a libertine, he rejoiced at the tyrannic menace of their ruthleſs landlord, concluding that his purſe, properly employed, would be of ſingular ſervice to him. He waited therefore with the utmoſt impatience for Tom's intelligence to confirm the information he had himſelf received.

In a few hours Tom made his appearance. In conſequence of his communications, Sir Charles hurried to Farmer Fielding's, ſupplied him with money

money more than ſufficient to anſwer his landlord's demands, and only deſired, in return, to occupy, for a few days, the room in his houſe which was then vacant, he had been informed, by the abſence of the lady who hired it for the ſummer, as he had ſome private reaſons for living in a very obſcure manner in that part of the country.

Fielding was ſtruck dumb by his generoſity: and his dame was not able, though a loquacious woman—to articulate a ſyllable. When they had recovered the uſe of their tongues, they expreſſed the moſt grateful acknowledgments in language which wanted no tricks of oratory to ſet it off; it was the language of the heart; and on that account more valuable than the richeſt flowers of elocution.

Sir Charles's gratitude was by no means equal to that of the honeſt people under whoſe roof he was entertained in an homely, indeed, but truly hoſpitable manner. He was, it is true, entertained, in a great meaſure, at his own expence; but he plainly perceived that the Fieldings, if fortune and education had placed them in an exalted ſphere of life, would have exhibited princely diſpoſitions.—In return for all the civilities which he received from this humble, happy

pair—civilities which no money could buy, he attempted to ſeduce their Patty, whom they loved as well as if ſhe had been their own daughter, from the paths of innocence. His every attempt was fruitleſs; for ſhe was neither to be deceived by his promiſes, nor dazzled with his gold; but nobly rejected all his diſhonourable offers, and told him, when he made his laſt efforts to ſtagger her virtue, "that ſhe had rather work from morning to night for her bread, for an honeſt livelihood, than be the miſtreſs of a king: while I am virtuous," added ſhe, "if I am ever ſo poor, I ſhall not envy the fineſt lady in the land who has loſt her honour."

Struck with the concluſion of this ſpeech, Sir Charles, libertine as he was, found himſelf ſo much ſhaken by it, that he reſolved (looking upon her as a jewel of conſiderable value, and thinking that ſhe only wanted to be well ſet to appear with a luſtre equal, if not ſuperior, to the ſparklers of a court) to talk to her in a different ſtyle. To drop the metaphor, he made honourable addreſſes to her, provided the moſt eminent maſters of all kinds for her; and as ſhe had an excellent natural underſtanding, as well as a beautiful perſon, ſhe in a few months afterwards was, in the character

of

of Lady Spearman, diſtinguiſhed even in the Circle.

A CHINESE ANECDOTE.

A MANDARINE, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accoſted by an old ſly Bonze, who following him through ſeveral ſtreets, and bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. What does the man mean? cried the Mandarine, Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels. No, replied the other, but you have let me look at them, and that is all the uſe you can make of them yourſelf; ſo there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I don't like.

A CHINESE TALE.

A PAINTER of eminence was once reſolved to finiſh a piece which ſhould pleaſe the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmoſt ſkill was exhauſted, it was expoſed in the public market-place, with direc-

directions at the bottom for every ſpectator to mark with a bruſh, which lay by, every limb and every feature which ſeemed erroneous. The ſpectators came, and in general applauded; but each willing to ſhew his talent at criticiſm, marked whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the whole picture one univerſal blot; not a ſingle part that was not ſtigmatized with marks of diſapprobation. Not ſatisfied with this trial, the next day he was reſolved to try them in a different manner; and expoſing his picture as before, deſired that every ſpectator would mark thoſe beauties he approved or admired. They complied, and the artiſt returning, found his picture replete with the marks of beauty; every ſtroke that had been yeſterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. Well, cries the painter, I now find that the beſt way to pleaſe one half of the world, is not to mind what the other half ſays; ſince what are faults in the eyes of theſe, ſhall be by thoſe regarded as beauties.

THE VANITY OF WEALTH,

AN ODE.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the preſent ſtore,
Still endleſs ſighs are breath'd for more.
O! quit the ſhadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treaſure buys!
To purchaſe heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendſhip's pleaſures to be ſold?
No—all that's worth a wiſh—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Ceaſe then on traſh thy hopes to blind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With ſcience tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the muſes' moral lay;
In ſocial hours indulge thy ſoul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
To virtuous love reſign thy breaſt,
And be by bleſſing beauty—bleſt.

Thus taſte the feaſt by nature ſpread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;

Come

Come taſte with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and ſtrife.
I boaſt whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And ſcorn! Oh! let that ſcorn be thine!
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

OF

CÆSAR's SUCCESS, HIS TRIUMPHS, AND HIS DEATH.

CÆSAR purſued his proſperous fortune with great rapidity. Beſides his conqueſts in Alexandria, and over Pompey's party in Africa, he went into Spain, and marched in perſon againſt the two ſons of Pompey, who, under Labienus, had raiſed a powerful army. The armies came to an engagement in the plains of Munda. Cæſar, after great hazard of being entirely routed, animated his ſoldiers with the greateſt reſolution, and gained a complete victory over the enemy. Thirty thouſand were killed on the ſpot, the generals were diſperſed, and all Spain ſubmitted to the conqueror.

When

When Cæſar returned to Rome, he triumphed four times in one month. He rewarded his ſoldiers with great liberality, and exhibited public ſhows with great magnificence, for the diverſion of the people; and to remove every cauſe of jealouſy, he beſtowed the honours of the ſtate on Pompey's friends equally with his own adherents.

Many of the ſenators, however, who had received theſe favours at the hands of Cæſar, ſecretly upbraided themſelves for accepting of his kindneſs, at the expence of public liberty. Many were alſo diſſatisfied with the change of government, and the ambitious conduct of Cæſar, who now attempted to aſſume the regal title. Theſe ſought to accompliſh his ruin, and in private cabals it was agreed, that the liberty of the common-wealth could not be longer maintained without the death of the dictator.

Brutus and Caſſius were, by Cæſar's appointment, prætors for that year. Thoſe men were at the head of that party. The conſpirators carried on their plot, with all imaginable caution and ſecrecy; and the better to juſtify their deſigns, deferred it till the Ides of March, on which day Cæſar was to be declared king. A famous augur told Cæſar, that great dangers threatened him on

the Ides of March; and thoſe writers, who would add horror to the deſcription of this day, tell us that the world wore a gloomy and heavy preſage of Cæſar's fate; that wild beaſts came into the moſt frequented parts of the city; that there were apparitions in the ſtreets, and illuminations in the ſkies; and that inauſpicious ſacrifices damped the hearts of all men, except the aſſaſſins, who, with an incredible ſerenity of mind, waited the approaching opportunity of ſacrificing the uſurper.

Cæſar's wife having had frightful and ominous dreams the preceding night, perſuaded him not to go abroad that day; but Decimus Brutus, one of the conſpirators, calling on him in the morning, and laughing at thoſe ſilly omens, took him by the hand, and led him out of his houſe.

As Cæſar was going into the ſenate-houſe, he met the augur who had forewarned him of the dangers of that day. The Ides of March are come, ſaid Cæſar. "True," replied the augur, "but they are not yet paſt."

Scarce had Cæſar taken his ſeat, but all the aſſaſſins preſſed about him, and ſued for favours, which they knew would not be granted. The ſign was given. Immediately one, oppreſſed with the great-

greatneſs of the attempt, made an irreſolute paſs at him. Cæſar then ruſhed upon Caſca, and beat him to the ground. But while they were ſtruggling, another of the conſpirators came behind him, and plunged his dagger into his boſom. At the ſame time Caſſius wounded him in the face, and Brutus in the thigh. Till this time he had made a very vigorous reſiſtance, but now made no more, and ſubmitting to the ſtrokes of a perſon who owed to him his life, he only uttered theſe words: "And thou too, my ſon Brutus!" Cæſar uſed to call him by this tender name, ſuppoſing him to be his illegitimate ſon by an intrigue with Servilia. Growing now faint with the loſs of blood, he reeled to Pompey's ſtatue, where, covering his face with his robe, and drawing his ſkirts to his knees, that he might fall decently, he ſunk down and expired, having received twenty-three wounds.

Cæſar had long before been adviſed by his friends to be more cautious of the ſecurity of his perſon, and not to walk, as was his common practice, among the people, without arms or any one to defend him. But to theſe admonitions he always replied, "He that lives in fear of death, every moment feels its tortures: I will die but once." At laſt, thus fell in the fifty-ſixth year of

his age, the conqueror of the Gauls, of Pompey, and of the Senate, the maſter of the Roman Republic and the world, who died without uttering the leaſt complaint, or ſhewing any mark of grief or weakneſs, in the year before Chriſt forty-three.

It is not to be omitted here, that among many other noble ſchemes and ordinances, which tended to the grandeur of the city of Rome, and the enlargement of the Roman empire, Cæſar reformed the Calendar: and with the aſſiſtance of the moſt able aſtronomers, regulated the year according to the courſe of the ſun. Two months were added to the Calendar, and the whole year was divided into three hundred and ſixty-five days.—He alſo added one day to every fourth year in the month of February, and that year was named Biſſextile or Leap Year.

This reckoning of time from this regulation, was called the Julian account of time; and ſome ages after the Old Style, in oppoſition to the New, or Gregorian Style. This laſt is now generally followed in moſt parts of Europe, and reckons eleven days forwarder.

With

With the death of Cæſar ended the firſt Triumvirate, or government of the Roman empire by three perſons, Pompey, Cæſar, and Craſſus.

HAPPINESS NOT INDEPENDENT.

NO individual can be happy unleſs the circumſtances of thoſe around him be ſo adjuſted as to conſpire with his intereſt. For in human ſociety, no happineſs or miſery ſtands unconnected and independent. Our fortunes are interwoven by threads innumerable: one man's ſucceſs or misfortune, his wiſdom or folly, often, by its conſequences, reaches through multitudes.

Such a ſyſtem is too far complicated for our arrangement.—It requires adjuſtments beyond our ſkill and power.—It is a chaos of events into which our eye cannot pierce, and is capable of regulation only by Him who perceives at one glance the relation of each to all. We are ignorant of the influence which the preſent tranſactions of our life may have upon thoſe which are future.

The important queſtion is not, what will yield to a man a few ſcattered pleaſures, but what will render

render his life happy on the whole amount.—There is not any preſent moment that is unconnected with ſome future one. The life of every man is a continued chain of incidents, each link of which hangs upon the former. The tranſition from cauſe to effect, from event to event, is often carried on by ſecret ſteps, which our foreſight cannot divine, and our ſagacity is unable to trace. Evil may at ſome future period bring forth good; and good may bring forth evil, both equally unexpected.

FILIAL DUTY.

DARIUS, the Emperor of Perſia, having invaded Scythia, with the whole force of his empire, the Scythians retreated by degrees, 'till they came to the utmoſt deſerts of Aſia, when Darius ſent to know by what end they propoſed flying from him, and where it was they would begin to fight. They returned him for anſwer, that they had no cities or cultivated lands for which they had occaſion to give him battle, but when once he was come to the place of their fathers' monuments, he ſhould then underſtand after what manner the Scythians could fight.—Thus we ſee what public teſtimony even the moſt barbarous

barbarous nations have given of their affection for their parents.

The VALUE of TIME.

WHEN we conſider what we were created for, whither we are haſtening to, and what we muſt 'ere long be, ſurely we cannot but acknowledge the work that lies before us, to be truly great, intereſting, and important. No leſs than the advancement of our Maker's glory, the purſuit of thoſe objects which belong to our eternal peace, and the preparation for death, judgment, and a world to come; theſe are matters of the higheſt moment, and equally concern every ſon and daughter of Adam, as candidates for a bliſsful immortality. If ſo, then we may well lament the ſhortneſs of our time for ſuch an arduous work, and impreſſed with a ſenſe of the neceſſity of completing it before we go the way of all fleſh, exclaiming with Dr. Young,

How much is to be done!

Life, like a winter's day, is ſhort. Time, like the ſhadow upon a dial, is fleeting and haſtening to

to be gone, and an awful eternity approaching, which muſt be either a ſtate of happineſs or miſery, according to the waſte or redemption of the precious NOW.

From theſe conſiderations we may learn the ineſtimable value of our paſſing moments, and the danger of delaying ſuitably to improve them, while we feel, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, the propriety of the Poet's obſervation and excellent advice, in the following lines:

Time waſted is exiſtence, us'd is life;
Part with it as with money, ſparingly:

Should the reader wiſh for directions in the improvement of his time, I would earneſtly recommend the enſuing couplet from Mr. Pope's Eſſay on Man, as a daily rule for practice:

Make every day a critic on the paſt,
And live each hour as though it was your laſt.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE
OF
JOHN ELWES, Esq.

WHEN Mr. Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies, in his neighbourhood, had, for ſome neglect, incurred the diſpleaſure of the ſpiritual court, and were threatened with immediate "*excommunication.*"—The whole import of the word they did not perfectly underſtand, but they had heard ſomething about ſtanding in a church, and a penance; and their ideas immediately ran upon a *white ſheet.* They concluded, if they once got into that, it was all over with them; and as the excommunication was to take place the next day, away they hurried to Mr. Elwes, to know how they could make ſubmiſſion, and how the ſentence might be prevented. No time was to be loſt.—Mr. Elwes did that which, fairly ſpeaking, not one man in five thouſand would have done; he had his horſe ſaddled, and putting, according to uſual cuſtom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he ſet out for London that evening, and reached it early enough the next morning to notify the ſubmiſſion of the culprit damſels.

Riding ſixty miles in the night, to confer a favour on two antiquated virgins, to whom he had no particular obligation, was really what not one man in five thouſand would have done; but where perſonal fatigue could ſerve, Mr. Elwes never ſpared it.

The ladies were ſo overjoyed—ſo thankful!—So much trouble and expence!—What returns could they make? To eaſe their conſciences on this head, an old Iriſh gentleman, their neighbour, who knew Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote theſe words—" My dears, is it *expence* you are talking of?—ſend him *ſix-pence*, and he gains *two-pence* by the journey!"

An ANECDOTE.

A Young Italian gentleman being led by curioſity into Holland, where having lived ſome time converſing with the moſt ingenious, was one day ſet upon by a proteſtant miniſter, who would needs engage him in a controverſy about religion. The young gentleman knowing himſelf too weak for the encounter, begged his pardon, and endeavoured to wave the diſcourſe, but the more he avoided it, the more hotly he was preſſed by

by the miniſter, whereupon the young Italian, in a very great paſſion, conjured him by all that was good to let him alone in peace with his religion. "For," ſaid he, "I cannot embrace yours, and if you make me loſe my own, I will never make choice of any other."

OF

BENEFITS TO OTHERS.

CATO, in Tully, boaſts of this as the great comfort and joy of his old age, that nothing was more pleaſant to him than the conſciouſneſs of a well-ſpent life, and the remembrance of many benefits and kindneſſes done to others.

Seneca obſerves, that he who preaches gratitude pleads the cauſe both of God and man; for without it we can be neither ſociable nor religious.

BON MOT.

WHEN the Ducheſs of Bedford was laſt at Buxton, and then in her eighty-fifth year,

it was the medical farce of the day for the faculty to reſolve every complaint of whim and caprice into "a ſhock of the nervous ſyſtem."—Her Grace, after enquiring of many of her friends in the rooms, what brought them there, and being generally anſwered, for a nervous complaint, was aſked in her turn, "What brought her to Buxton?" "I came only for pleaſure," anſwered the hale Ducheſs—"for, thank God, I was born before Nerves came into faſhion."

ANECDOTE
OF
DOCTOR SMOLLETT.

A BEGGAR aſking the Doctor for alms, he gave him, through abſence, or miſtake for a leſs valuable piece, a guinea. The poor fellow, on perceiving it, hobbled after him and told him of it. Upon which Smollett returned it to him with another guinea, as a reward for his honeſty, exclaiming, at the ſame time, "My God, what a lodging Honeſty has taken up with!"

ANECDOTE
OF
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

AN eminent carcaſe butcher, as meagre in his perſon as he was in his underſtanding, being one day in a bookſeller's ſhop, took up a volume of Churchill's Poems, and by way of ſhewing his taſte, repeated with great affectation the following line:

"Who rules o'er freemen ſhould himſelf be free."

Then turning to the Doctor,—"What think you of that, Sir, ſaid he?" "Rank nonſenſe, replied the other! it is an aſſertion without a proof, and you might with as much propriety ſay,

"Who ſlays fat oxen, ſhould himſelf be fat."

THE INHUMAN MURDER OF MISS LLOYD.

THE murderer was a labourer by profeſſion, had formerly been in the ſervice of Miſs Lloyd, and lived at no great diſtance from her. It is a happineſs to reflect, that that divine intervention, which ſeldom allows the mind of man to ſleep long in ſecurity, after the commiſſion of a deed which ſo forcibly ſtamps its depravity, did in this caſe interpoſe, and prompted the murderer to a candid confeſſion of the foul crime.

On the evening of the day on which the murder was committed, he went to Tregaron fair, where ſome of his neighbours perceiving that he was poſſeſſed of money, entertained ſuſpicions, which, however, were only momentary, as the circumſtances of the robbery were not then known; but on the Sunday following, the ſubject was generally talked of, and in going to an adjoining meeting-houſe, an acquaintance, who had given him change for half-a-crown, aſked him if he knew of the robbery or murder, when he bluntly acknowledged his guilt, and was immediately taken

taken into priſon. On his confeſſion he ſaid, that upon going to Kilrhyg, he found all the ſervants were from home, and immediately proceeded to the parlour, where Miſs Lloyd was ſitting alone; here he made a pretended demand of money which was owing to him for hay-making. Alarmed at his coming to her in that part of the houſe, ſhe ran into the kitchen, where the villain followed her, and making a ſpring, caught her by the throat, and inſtantly choaked her! He then dragged the body into the parlour, and rifled her pockets, wherein he found two crown pieces, two crooked ſhillings, and a bunch of keys. In one of the pockets was a bag of money, which he miſtook for a pincuſhion, and left it behind.

He afterwards proceeded up ſtairs, where ſeeing the people (from a front window) driving the cattle into the yard, he effected his eſcape through the back part of the houſe, and fled into an adjoining wood, where he ſecreted two bottles of liquor, which he had brought out with him.

From thence he ſet out to the fair as above related, and had change for one of the crowns, which led to a diſcovery of the whole.

SPRING.

SPRING.

THE Spring leads on the pleaſant hours,
For ſhame, ye ſleepers, riſe!
See, how the ground is dreſt with flow'rs,
How bright the ſmiling ſkies!

The pretty birds their voices raiſe,
What ſounds can be more ſweet?
In yonder fields the lambkin plays;
There, ſee the milk maid neat.

The glorious ſun now melts the dews,
That glitter'd on the thorn:
Then, tell me, who would now refuſe
To riſe at early morn?

I knew, indeed, how *Thoughtleſs* ſlept,
When he from ſchool was freed;
He ſlept, 'till ſloth upon him crept,
And ſloth produc'd his need.

Poor and deſpis'd, by all forſook,
Who made him here their care;
To foreign lands his way he took,
And ſadly periſh'd there.

So happy let our moments be,
Nor ſuch engagements ceaſe,
But paſs from faults and troubles free,
In innocence and peace.

ON THE

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

AWAKE from ſilence every voice,
Each chearful pipe, and ſounding ſtring;
Let every grateful heart rejoice,
And every tongue in rapture ſing.

On this diſtinguiſh'd day of grace,
Th' Eternal Prince of Glory came,
To purge the guilt of human race,
And ſave them by his pow'rful name.

Bow down your heads, ye lofty pines,
Ye mountains crown'd with cedars tall;
Be ſtill, ye rude imperious winds,
Throughout the wide terreſtrial ball.

Let nought but harmony and love
O'er all th' expanded ſurface reign,

And let the ſacred choir above
Approve, and join the heav'nly ſtrain.

When we in bondage were exil'd,
And rebels to th' eternal God,
Our ſouls, with blackeſt guilt defil'd,
Obnoxious to th' impending rod.

That from his ſeat of perfect bliſs
The ſon of Glory ſhou'd deſcend,
To offer man the terms of peace,
And his unbounded grace extend.

Such goodneſs, ſuch ſtupendous grace!
Nor men, nor angels can explore;
Then let us, what we cannot trace,
With awful reverence adore.

Ye wing'd inhabitants of air,
All ye that graze the verdant plain;
Ye herds, that to the wilds repair,
And ye that ſkim the ſurging main.

Some ſigns of exultation ſhow,
While grateful minds your voices raiſe,
'Tis all that mortals can below,
To hail the day in ſongs of praiſe.

While ſkilful hands the chorus join,
And tune the rapture-raiſing lyre,
While grateful ſtrains of love divine,
Serene, extatic joys inſpire.

Thus ſacred be the happy day,
While ſun, and moon, and ſtars endure;
'Till nature feels her laſt decay,
And time itſelf ſhall be no more.

ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

SIR HERVEY ELWES.

AS he had no acquaintance, no books, and no turn for reading, the hoarding up and counting his money was his greateſt joy. The next to that was partridge ſetting; at which he was ſo great an adept, and game was ſo plentiful, that he has been known to take five hundred brace of birds in one ſeaſon. But he lived entirely upon partridges, he and his whole houſhold, conſiſting of one man and two maids. What they could not eat he turned out again, as he never gave away any thing. During the partridge ſeaſon, Sir Hervey and his man never miſſed a day, if the

weather was tolerable, and his breed of dogs being remarkably good, he ſeldom failed in taking great quantities of game. At all times he wore a black velvet cap much over his face, a worn-out full dreſſed ſuit of cloaths, and an old great coat, with worſted ſtockings drawn up over his knees. He rode a thin thorough-bred horſe, and the horſe and the rider both looked as if a guſt of wind would have blown them away together.

When the day was not ſo fine as to tempt him abroad, he would walk backwards and forwards in his own hall, to ſave the expence of fire. If a farmer in his neighbourhood came in, he would ſtrike a light in a tinder-box that he kept by him, and putting a ſingle ſtick in the grate, would not add another till the firſt was nearly burnt out.—As he had but little connection with London, he always had three or four thouſand pounds at a time in his houſe. A ſet of fellows, who were afterwards known by the appellation of the Thackſtead gang, and who were all hanged, formed a plan to rob him. They were totally unſuſpected at the time, as each had ſome apparent occupation during the day, and went out only at night, and when they had got intelligence of any great booty.

It was the cuſtom of Sir Hervey to go up into his bed-chamber about eight o'clock, when, after taking a baſon of water gruel, by the light of a ſmall fire, he went to bed to ſave the unneceſſary extravagance of a candle. The gang, who knew the hour when his ſervant went to the ſtables, leaving their horſes on the Eſſex ſide of the river, walked acroſs and hid themſelves in the church-porch till they ſaw the man come up to his horſes. They then immediately fell upon him, and after ſome little ſtruggle, bound and gagged him; they then ran up to the houſe, tied the two maids together, and going up to Sir Hervey, preſented their piſtols, and demanded his money.

At no part of his life did Sir Hervey behave ſo well as in this tranſaction. When they aſked for his money, he would give them no anſwer till they had aſſured him that his ſervant, who was a great favourite, was ſafe; he then delivered them the key of a drawer, in which were fifty guineas; but they knew too well he had much more in the houſe, and again threatened his life if he would not diſcover where it was depoſited. At length he ſhewed them the place, and they turned out a large drawer, in which there were two thouſand ſeven hundred guineas; this they packed up in two large baſkets, and actually carried off.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE.

TWO gentlemen diſputing about religion in Burton's coffee houſe, ſaid one of them, I wonder, Sir, you ſhould talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't ſay the Lord's Prayer: Done, ſaid the other, and Sir Richard Steele here ſhall hold ſtakes. The money being depoſited, the gentleman began with, I believe in God, and ſo went cleverly through the Creed:—Well, ſaid the other, I own I have loſt; I did not think he could have done it.

THE MARQUIS DE LA SCALLAS,

AN ITALIAN NOBLEMAN,

HAVING invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, where all the delicacies of the ſeaſon were provided, ſome of the company arrived very early, for the purpoſe of paying their reſpects to his Excellency. Soon after which the Major-Domo entering the dining-room in a great hurry, told the marquis that there was a moſt wonderful fiſherman below, who had brought one of the fineſt fiſh in all Italy, for which, however, he demanded a moſt extravagant price.

Regard

Regard not his price, cried the marquis; pay him the money directly. So I would, pleaſe your highneſs, but he refuſes to take any money.—What then would the fellow have?—An hundred ſtrokes of the ſtrappado on his bare ſhoulders, my lord; he ſays he will not bate a ſingle blow.

On this the whole company ran down ſtairs, to ſee ſo ſingular a man. A fine fiſh! cried the marquis: What is your demand, my friend?—Not a quatrini, my lord, anſwered the fiſherman. I will not take money. If your lordſhip wiſhes to have the fiſh, you muſt order me an hundred laſhes of the ſtrappado on my naked back; otherwiſe I ſhall apply elſewhere.

Rather than loſe the fiſh, ſaid the marquis, we muſt e'en let this fellow have his humour.—Here, cried he to one of his grooms, diſcharge this honeſt man's demands: but don't lay on too hard; don't hurt the poor devil very much!

The fiſherman then ſtripped, and the groom prepared to execute his lordſhip's orders. Now, my friend, ſaid the fiſherman, keep an exact account, I beſeech you; for I don't deſire a ſingle ſtroke more than my due.

The whole company were aſtoniſhed at the amazing fortitude with which the man ſubmitted to the operation, till he had received the fiftieth laſh; when addreſſing the ſervant—Hold, my friend, cried the fiſherman: I have now had a full ſhare of the price. Your ſhare! exclaimed the marquis; what is the meaning of all this? My lord, returned the fiſherman, I have a partner, to whom my honour is engaged that he ſhall have his full half of whatever I receive for the fiſh; and your lordſhip, I dare venture to ſay, will by and by own that it would be a thouſand pities to defraud him of a ſingle ſtroke. And pray, honeſt friend, ſaid the marquis, who is this partner?—Your porter, my lord, anſwered the fiſherman, who keeps the outer gate, and refuſed to admit me, unleſs I would promiſe him half of what I ſhould obtain for the fiſh.—Ho! ho! exclaimed the marquis, laughing very heartily, by the bleſſing of heaven, he ſhall have double his demand in full tale.

The porter was accordingly ſent for: and being ſtripped to the ſkin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might, till he had fairly received what he was ſo well entitled to. The marquis then ordered his ſteward to pay the fiſherman twenty ſequins; deſiring him to call annually for the

the like ſum, as a recompence for the friendly ſervice he had done him.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

A GENTLEMAN had two children, the one a daughter, that was very plain in her perſon; the other a boy that was a great beauty.—As they were at play together one day, they ſaw their faces in a looking-glaſs that ſtood in their mother's chair; upon which the boy ſeeing his beauty, was ſo charmed with it, that he extolled it mightily to his ſiſter, who took theſe praiſes of his beauty, as ſo many reflections on her diſagreeableneſs. She went to her father, acquainted him with the affair, and made very great complaints of her brother's rudeneſs to her. Upon this, the old prudent gentleman, inſtead of being angry, took them upon his knees, and embracing both with the greateſt tenderneſs, gave them this excellent advice. I would have you both look at yourſelves in the glaſs every day; you my ſon, that you may be reminded never to diſhonour the beauty of your face by the deformity of your actions; and you, my daughter, that you may take care to hide the defect of beauty in your

perſon, by the ſuperior luſtre of a virtuous and amiable conduct.

ANECDOTE
OF
DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

THE late Doctor Franklin, in the early part of his life, followed the buſineſs of a printer, and had occaſion to travel from Philadelphia to Boſton. In his journey he ſtopped at one of their inns, the landlord of which poſſeſſed the true diſpoſition of his countrymen, which is, to be inquiſitive even to impertinence into the buſineſs of every ſtranger.—The Doctor, after the fatigue of the day's travel, had ſat himſelf down to ſupper, when his landlord began to torment him with queſtions. The doctor well knew the diſpoſitions of theſe people; he apprehended, that, after having anſwered his queſtions, others would come in and go over the ſame ground, ſo he was determined to ſtop him. Have you a wife, landlord? Yes, Sir.—Pray let me ſee her. Madam was introduced with much form. How many children have you? Four, Sir. I ſhould be happy to ſee them.—The children were ſought, and introduced.

How

How many ſervants have you? Two, Sir, a man and a woman.—Pray fetch them. When they came, the doctor aſked if there were any one elſe in the houſe; and being anſwered in the negative, addreſſed himſelf to them with much ſolemnity: My good friends, I ſent for you here to give you an account of myſelf; my name is Benjamin Franklin; I am a printer, of ——— years of age; reſide at Philadelphia, and am now going on buſineſs from thence to Boſton. I ſent for you all, that, if you wiſh for any further particulars, you may aſk, and I will inform you; which done, I flatter myſelf you will permit me to eat my ſupper in peace.

PLUTARCH.

PLUTARCH relates a ſtory of one Belſus, who having murdered his father, was ſo haunted by a guilty conſcience, that he thought the ſwallows, when they chattered, were ſaying, "Belſus has killed his father;" whereupon being unable to bear the horror of mind occaſioned by his guilt, he confeſſed the fact, and received condign puniſhment.

HENRY OF MONMOUTH.

HENRY of Monmouth, afterwards Henry V. was ſeduced by a ſet of minions, who endeavoured to endear themſelves to him, by adminiſtering to his pleaſures; they ſucceeded ſo far as to lead him into ſome exceſſes, and to be the occaſion of his failing in the duty and reverence he owed his father; but his good ſenſe, and natural ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, brought him back into the paths of virtue and honour. He was heartily aſhamed and concerned that he had ever given the leaſt cauſe of uneaſineſs to his father, who had ſo true and tender an affection for him; and never reſted, till he had proſtrated himſelf before him, and obtained pardon and forgiveneſs. The King was at laſt reconciled to him, and immediately reſtored him to his favour. This prince afterwards became the darling of the people, and the terror of his enemies.

ŒCONOMY AND BENEVOLENCE.

WHEN a collection was made to build the hoſpital of Bedlam, thoſe who were employed to gather the money, came to a ſmall houſe,

houſe, the door of which was half open; and from the entry they overheard an old man ſcolding the ſervant maid, who, having made uſe of a match in kindling the fire had afterwards indiſcreetly thrown it away, without reflecting, that the match having ſtill the other extremity dipped in ſulphur, might have been of further ſervice. After diverting themſelves awhile with the diſpute, they knocked, and preſented themſelves before the old gentleman. As ſoon as they had told him the cauſe of their coming, he went into a cloſet, from whence he brought four hundred guineas, and reckoning the money in their preſence, he put it into their bag. The collectors being aſtoniſhed at this generoſity, and teſtifying their ſurprize, told the old fellow what they had heard. Gentlemen, ſaid he, your ſurprize is occaſioned by a thing of little conſequence.—I keep houſe, and ſave and ſpend money my own way; the one furniſhes me with the means of doing the other, and both equally gratify my inclination. With regard to donations, always expect moſt from prudent people, who keep their own accounts.

When he had thus ſpoken, he turned them out of the houſe without further ceremony, and ſhut the door.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE
OF
A PHYSICIAN.

A PHYSICIAN, who lived in London, viſited a lady who lived in Chelſea. After continuing his viſits for ſome time, the lady expreſſed an apprehenſion, that it might be inconvenient for him to come ſo far on her account. Oh! madam, replied the Doctor, I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one ſtone.*

HYMN
TO
HUMANITY.

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to ſorrow's cry;
If now the pity-ſtreaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive ſtrain, O ſweet Humanity!

Come, ever welcome to my breaſt!
A tender, but a chearful gueſt.

Nor

Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-conſuming ſorrow dwell;
For ſorrow, long indulg'd and ſlow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart a prey,
Wears ſenſibility away.
Then comes, ſweet nymph! inſtead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

O may that fiend be baniſh'd far,
Though paſſions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me ceaſe to know
The pulſe that throbs at joy or woe:
Not let my vacant cheeks be dry,
When ſorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may that tear that frequent flows
From private or from ſocial woes,
E'er make this pleaſing ſenſe depart.—
Ye cares, O harden not my heart!

If the fair ſtar of Fortune ſmile,
Let not its flattering power beguile,
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full ſails ſwell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering ſtill it was but lent;
To modeſt merit ſpread my ſtore,
Unbar my hoſpitable door;

Nor

Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want unpitied pines in vain.

If Heaven, in every purpoſe wiſe,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Thro' Poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Deſtin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, ſtill true,
I'll wiſh the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch that paſſes by,
A ſoothing word—a tear—a ſigh.

Howe'er exalted, or depreſt,
Be ever mine the feeling breaſt,
From me remove the ſtagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The ſoul that one long ſabbath keeps,
And through the ſun's whole circle ſleeps;
Dull peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And ſelf-attending Vanity,
Alike, the fooliſh, and the vain,
Are ſtrangers to the ſenſe humane.

O for that ſympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,

When

When the prophetic eye ſurvey'd
Sion in future aſhes laid!
Or, rais'd to heaven, implor'd the bread
That thouſands in the deſart fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendſhip's grave,
Sigh'd, and forgot its power to ſave!
O for that ſympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes; it fills my labouring breaſt;
I feel my beating heart oppreſt.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aſpect pale!
To heaven ſhe turns in deep deſpair;
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands and cry.
O God! their moving ſorrow ſee!
Support them, ſweet Humanity!

Life, fill'd with Grief's diſtreſsful train,
For ever aſks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconſcious grove,
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe?
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more.

Aſſiſt them, hearts from anguiſh free!
Aſſiſt them, ſweet Humanity!

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to ſorrow's cry;
If now the pity-ſtreaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive ſtrain, O ſweet Humanity!

THE HEROIC PRINCE.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

THE glorious achievements of that renowned Prince and warrior Edward III. will be recorded with wonder and admiration to the lateſt poſterity. The ſubject of the preſent hiſtory relates to the battle of Poictiers, in which John, King of France, was totally defeated, and taken priſoner.

At the inſtant King John was going to begin the battle, Cardinal Perigort, the Pope's Nuncio, who was appointed mediator, entreated him to ſpare the lives of ſuch a number of his nobility and gentry as would unavoidably fall in the attack, and permit him to wait upon the Black Prince, and adviſe him to ſurrender. This permiſſion being

being granted, he waited upon the Prince of Wales, who, conſcious of his critical ſituation, agreed to accept of ſuch terms as were honourable for himſelf and his country.

Upon the Cardinal's return with this anſwer, John ſent his troops back into quarters, and the Nuncio was employed the whole day in endeavouring to adjuſt the preliminaries.

Edward agreed to reſtore all the places and priſoners he had taken during that campaign, and to a ceſſation of arms for ſeven years, on being permitted to retire, without moleſtation, to Bourdeaux. This condition was refuſed on the part of John, who inſiſted upon Edward's ſurrendering himſelf priſoner, with an hundred knights; and the remainder of the Engliſh army ſhould, on that condition, be permitted to retire unmoleſted. The Prince nobly rejected the propoſal, ſaying, "that he and his knights ſhould never be taken but in battle; and that he would rather loſe his life than agree to ſuch a propoſal."

Here the negociation terminated, and both armies now prepared for battle. The Prince had, indeed, gained ſome advantage from this procraſtination, having conſiderably defended his

camp by means of additional intrenchments, which he had thrown up during this interval.

On Monday morning, (Sept. 19, 1356) the French army appeared in order of battle, and Edward drew up his ſmall force in three diviſions, diſpoſed in a cloſe, compact manner, his front being defended with hedges and ditches, and his flanks, on one ſide by a moraſs, on the other by a mountain. The van, under the command of the Earl of Warwick, was poſted on the declivity of a hill. The Earls of Saliſbury and Suffolk headed the rear; and Edward's ſtation was at the end of the lane, commanding the main body.—Three hundred men at arms, and as many archers, were detached under John de Greille Captal de Buche, to lie in ambuſh at the bottom of the mountain, in order to attack the enemy in rear, during the heat of the action.

The enemy began the action with great bravery, but met with ſo warm a reception from the Engliſh archers, who lined the hedges, that about one half of them were cut to pieces by Lord Audley, before they reached the front of the main body of the Engliſh army: the bodies ſlain, and the horſes, greatly embarraſſed the French Marſhals, Clermont and Andrehan. Clermont, in advancing

vancing towards the van of the Engliſh army, was killed on the ſpot, and Andrehan taken priſoner by the Lord Audley.

The ill ſucceſs of theſe Marſhals, and the carnage that enſued, ſo greatly diſcouraged their followers that they fell into great confuſion, and precipitately fled.

The firſt corps of the French army being now routed, the Dauphin advanced to the charge, notwithſtanding his troops were greatly dejected; but, at the firſt onſet. John de Greille, ruſhing from the ambuſh, attacked their rear ſo furiouſly, that they were ſeized with a panic, and fled in great confuſion. The Dauphin eſcaped under a guard of eight hundred lances; and the Duke of Orleans followed his example, with the greateſt part of the troops under his command, which had not yet engaged.

Edward, now perceiving theſe two bodies routed and diſperſed, mounted his horſe, and advanced, being followed by his men at arms, in order to attack the third diviſion of the French army, commanded by the King in perſon. The Prince began the charge with great impetuoſity: nevertheleſs, the event was for a conſiderable time doubtful,

doubtful, until Gauchet de Briene, Duke of Athenes, and Conſtable of France, fell; upon which his brigade gave way, and victory enſued on the Engliſh ſide.

Edward meeting with the German cavalry, routed them at the firſt attack; in which action the Count of Sarbruck was ſlain, and the Count of Naſſau wounded.

John, accompanied by his ſon Philip, ſtrenuouſly endeavoured to rally his ſcattered forces, and, by his own example, animate their ſpirits to return to their charge. He diſmounted, and perſonally fought with great bravery, till he found himſelf entirely deſerted; when Dennis de Mothec, a knight of Artois, who had formerly ſerved under him, perſuading him to ſurrender, without further riſking his perſonal ſafety, he requeſted to ſee his couſin Edward; but the Prince being at that time in a diſtant part of the field, he threw down his gauntlet, to ſignify his ſurrender to Mothec. In the interim, a party of Engliſh, and one of Gaſcons, arriving, deprived Mothec of his royal priſoner.

To terminate a diſpute which enſued, the Earl of Warwick, and Reginald Lord Cobham, interpoſed,

poſed, and conducted John to the Prince of Wales, who had retired to his pavilion.

Edward, upon this occaſion, diſplayed great heroiſm and virtue; he received John in a moſt tender and reſpectful manner; he conſoled him upon his misfortunes, claiming little merit to himſelf from the victory, and aſcribing it more to chance than great generalſhip. He told the king, that his conduct on that day, though unfortunate, would hand him down to poſterity as a great general, and an intrepid hero, and that his conquerors knew how to eſtimate his virtues, and pity his misfortunes. He added, that his eſteem and affection for the Royal Family of France, was unbounded: and the more ſo, perhaps, as he had the honour of being related to them; at the ſame time pledging himſelf to exert all his influence with his royal father to procure an honourable and advantageous peace for both kingdoms.

Edward carried his politeneſs ſo far as to wait upon John to ſupper, and could not be prevailed upon to be ſeated, notwithſtanding the preſſing importunities of King John, who ſupported his misfortunes with true heroiſm and magnanimity of ſoul, declaring, that as it was his fate to be a captive,

captive, it was his good fortune, at leaſt, to be the priſoner of the moſt generous and amiable prince in the world.

Edward's noble priſoners were faſcinated at this god-like behaviour of the victor, and ſeemed to conſider him as a ſuperior claſs of beings to themſelves, and even to their prince.

A SINGULAR
INSTANCE OF GENEROSITY.

THE late Duke of Montague was remarkable for thoſe achievements of wit and humour, which he conducted with a dexterity and addreſs peculiar to himſelf. The following well authenticated ſtory, will ſerve to ſhew the manner in which this great man exerciſed his benevolent diſpoſition, and at the ſame time will, I hope, afford entertainment to every reader.

Soon after the concluſion of the peace before laſt, the Duke had obſerved that a middle-aged man, in ſomething like a military dreſs, of which the lace was much tarniſhed, and the cloth worn thread-bare, appeared at a certain hour in the Park, walking to and fro the Mall with a kind of mournful

mournful ſolemnity, and ruminating by himſelf on one of the benches, without taking any more notice of the gay crowd that was moving before him, than of ſo many emmets on an ant-hill, or atoms dancing in the ſun. This man the Duke ſingled out for a frolic. He began, therefore, by making ſome enquiry concerning him, and ſoon learnt that he was an unfortunate creature, who, having laid out his whole ſtock in the purchaſe of a commiſſion, had behaved with great bravery in the war, in hopes of preferment; but at the concluſion of the peace had been reduced to ſtarve upon half-pay.

This the Duke thought a favourable circumſtance for his purpoſe; but he learnt upon further enquiry, that the Captain having a wife and three children, had been obliged to ſend them down into Yorkſhire, whither he regularly tranſmitted them one moiety of his half-pay, which could not ſubſiſt them nearer the metropolis, and reſerved the other moiety to keep himſelf upon the ſpot, where alone he could hope for an opportunity of obtaining a more advantageous ſituation.

Theſe particulars afforded a new ſcope for the Duke's genius, and he immediately began his operations. After ſome time, when every thing

had been prepared, he watched an opportunity, as the Captain was ſitting alone. to ſend his gentleman to him with his compliments, and an invitation to dinner the next day.

The Duke having placed himſelf at a convenient diſtance. ſaw his meſſenger approach without being perceived, and begin to ſpeak without being heard; he beheld his intended gueſt ſtart from his reverie, like a man frightened out of a dream, and gaze, with a look of wonder and perplexity, at the perſon that accoſted him, without ſeeming to comprehend what he ſaid, or to believe his ſenſes, when the meſſage was repeated to him, till he did. In ſhort, the Duke ſaw, with infinite ſatisfaction, all that could be expected in the looks, behaviour, and attitude, of a man addreſſed in ſo abrupt and ſudden a manner; and as the ſport depended upon the Captain's ſenſibility, he diſcovered ſo much of that quality on ſtriking the firſt ſtroke, that he promiſed himſelf ſucceſs beyond his former hopes; he was told, however, that the Captain returned thanks for the honour intended him, and would wait upon his Grace at the time appointed.

When he came, the Duke received him with particular marks of civility, and taking him aſide, with

with an air of ſecrecy and importance, told him, that he had deſired the favour of his company to dine, chiefly on account of a lady, who had long had a particular regard for him, and had expreſſed a great deſire to be in his company, which her ſituation made it impoſſible for her to accompliſh without the aſſiſtance of a friend; that having learnt theſe particulars by accident, he had taken the liberty to bring them together, and added, that he thought ſuch an act of civility would be no imputation upon his honour.

During this diſcourſe, the Duke enjoyed the profound aſtoniſhment, and various changes of confuſion, that were evident in the Captain's face, who, after he had a little recovered himſelf, began a ſpeech with great ſolemnity, in which the Duke perceiving he was labouring to inſinuate, in the beſt manner he could, that he doubted whether he was not impoſed upon, and whether he ought not to reſent it; the Duke laid his hand upon his breaſt, and ſwore that he told him no more than what he had good evidence to believe was true.

When word was brought that dinner was ſerved, the Captain entered the dining-room with great curioſity and wonder; but his aſtoniſhment was unſpeakably increaſed, when he ſaw at the table

his own wife and children. The Duke had begun his frolic by ſending for them out of Yorkſhire, and had as much, if not more, aſtoniſhed the lady, than he had her huſband, to whom he took care ſhe ſhould have no opportunity of ſending a letter.

It is much more eaſy to conceive than deſcribe a meeting ſo ſudden, unexpected, and extraordinary: it is ſufficient to ſay, it gave the Duke a heart-felt ſatisfaction, that is known only to generous minds. He at length got his gueſt quietly ſeated at the table, and perſuaded them to partake, without thinking of yeſterday or the morrow.

Soon after dinner, a lawyer was uſhered into the room, who pulled out a deed for the Duke to ſign, which he read aloud, the Duke firſt apologizing for the interruption.

To complete the adventure and aſtoniſhment of the Captain and his wife, the deed turned out to be a ſettlement, which the Duke had made, of a genteel ſufficiency for them, during their lives. The Duke having gravely heard it read, without appearing to take notice of the emotion of his gueſt, ſigned and ſealed the inſtrument, and delivered

livered it to the Captain, desiring him to accept it, without compliments; for, says he, "I assure you, it is the last thing I would have done, if I had thought I could have employed my money, or time, more to my satisfaction, any other way."

GOOD TEMPER,

ITS EFFECTS AND UTILITY.

A GOOD-natured man, whatever faults he may have, they will, for the most part, be treated with lenity; he will generally find an advocate in every human heart;—his errors will be lamented, rather than abhorred; and his virtues will be viewed in the fairest point of light;—his good humour, without the help of great talents or acquirements, will make his company preferable to that of the most brilliant genius, in whom this quality is wanting.—but with it, such a brightness will be added to their lustre, that all the world will envy and admire, whilst his associates will almost adore, and labour to imitate him.—In short, it is almost impossible that we can be sincerely beloved by any body, without this engaging property, whatever other excellencies we may possess;—but with it, we shall scarcely fail of finding some friends and favourers, even though we should

ſhould be deſtitute of almoſt every other advantage. It is true, we are not at all equally happy in our diſpoſitions; but human virtue conſiſts in cheriſhing and cultivating every good inclination, and in checking and ſubduing every propenſity to evil.

If a man had been born with a bad temper, it might have been made a good one, at leaſt with regard to its outward effects, by education, reaſon, and principle; and though he is ſo happy as to have a good one while young, he muſt not ſuppoſe it will always continue ſo, if he neglects to maintain a proper command over it. Power, ſickneſs, diſappointments, or worldly cares may corrupt, or embitter the fineſt diſpoſition, if they are not counteracted by reaſon and religion.—Hence theſe ſhould be ever exerted in the exigencies of life—they will teach us a becoming ſubmiſſion under all the accidents of our mortal ſtate, with which it is ſo variouſly chequered;—diveſt calamity of its ſevereſt ſting,—make our enemies aſhamed of their perſecuting ſpirit,—and cauſe us to ſmile even in the midſt of misfortune.

By good temper is not meant an inſenſible indifference to injuries,—and a total forbearance from manly reſentment.—There is a noble and generous

generous kind of anger, a proper and neceſſary part of our nature, which has nothing in it ſinful or degrading.—We are not to be dead to this,—for the perſon who feels not an injury, muſt be incapable of being properly affected by benefits. With thoſe who treat us ill without provocation, we ought to maintain our own dignity—but whilſt we ſhew a ſenſe of their improper behaviour, we muſt preſerve calmneſs, and even good breeding, and thereby convince them of the impotence, as well as injuſtice of their malice.

Generous anger does not preclude eſteem for whatever is really eſtimable, nor does it deſtroy good-will to the perſon of its object, or authorize any impeachment to reſt on the goodneſs of our diſpoſitions: It even inſpires the deſire of overcoming our enemy by benefits, and wiſhes to inflict no other puniſhment than the regret of having injured one who deſerved his kindneſs: It is always placable, and ready to be reconciled, as ſoon as the offender is convinced of his error; nor can any ſubſequent injury provoke it to recur to paſt diſobligations, which had been once forgiven.

The conſciouſneſs of injured innocence naturally produces dignity, and uſually prevents anger; but

but if tempered with the calmneſs of a quiet ſpirit, it ever riſes ſuperior to the oppreſſive hand of inſolence and cruelty.

ANECDOTE
OF
THE DUKE OF OSSUNA.

THE Duke of Oſſuna, Viceroy of Naples, paſſing by Barcelona, and having got leave to releaſe ſome ſlaves, he went aboard the Cape galley, and, paſſing through the crew of ſlaves, he aſked divers of them what their offences were? Every one excuſed himſelf upon ſeveral pretences; one ſaying that he was put in out of malice, another by bribery of the judge; but all of them unjuſtly. Among the reſt, there was one ſturdy little black man; and the Duke aſking him what he was in for, "My Lord," ſaid he, "I cannot deny but I am juſtly put in here; for I wanted money, and ſo took a purſe hard by Tarragona, to keep me from ſtarving."

The Duke, with a little ſtaff he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows on the ſhoulder, ſaying, "You rogue, what do you do amongſt ſo many

many honeſt, innocent men? Get you out of their company." So he was freed, and the reſt remained ſtill to tug at the oar.

ESSAY ON PRIDE.

PRIDE is an inordinate ſelf-eſteem, which expreſſes itſelf in an inſolent and ſupercilious treatment of others: and wherever it is found, whether in creatures of a higher or lower rank in the ſcale of beings, deſerves, and always meets with, neglect and contempt. In man, who is a dependent, a frail, and an ignorant being, it is ſuperlatively ridiculous; and yet, perhaps, there is ſcarcely a man in the world who is wholly free from it. It ſteals inſenſibly upon us, and grows ſtronger and ſtronger continually in many minds, without being perceived. Its diſguiſes are innumerable, and infinitely various, and wonderful are the ways in which it diſcovers itſelf.

Modeſty and humility are nearly allied to merit, and pride and inſolence indubitable ſigns of ignorance and folly. The knowledge of ourſelves is the beſt preſervative againſt this moſt contemptible paſſion; for when we conſider our entire and abſolute dependence upon our Maker,

and our littleneſs and inſignificancy, when compared with celeſtial and angelic beings, we muſt acknowledge that we have abundant cauſe for humility, but none for pride.

Newton, Locke, and Boyle, who were, perhaps, the ſublimeſt geniuſes the world ever ſaw, were remarkable for an uncommon diffidence and humility. The great Mr. Addiſon alſo, it is well known, was remarkable for humility, and an exceſſive baſhfulneſs. And if ſuch men as theſe, who raiſed the human nature to the higheſt dignity and perfection to which it was ever raiſed by any, except the Meſſiah, were not proud; what can people in general, who paſs through life unnoticed, except by a few of their relations and neighbours, and without doing or writing any thing worthy of being handed down to poſterity; who are frequently not uſeleſs, but pernicious members of ſociety, have to be proud of.

It is very common to ſee perſons in the loweſt circumſtances indulging pride to a very extravagant degree; and in a thouſand little circumſtances, diſcovering a conſciouſneſs of an imagined ſuperiority to their neighbours, in ſimilar ſituations. The inordinate deſire which many in thoſe inferior ſtations have to make what they call a

figure

figure in the world, which in ſuch ſituations is the very height of abſurdity, and which can proceed from nothing but pride, is too remarkable a characteriſtic of the preſent age to be overlooked.

It is eaſy to perceive, that an almoſt univerſal emulation has taken place among tradeſmen and mechanics, of imitating their ſuperiors in rank and fortune, in dreſs, in their manner of living, and in behaviour; in the room of that plainneſs and ſimplicity for which they were formerly remarkable. How many do we ſee actuated by ſo imprudent a pride, as to put themſelves to the greateſt inconveniences, for the ſake of making an appearance which their circumſtances will not ſupport? Inſtead of taking pleaſure in bringing up their families in a decent and creditable manner, their children are educated in idleneſs and luxury, and are ſcarcely taught any thing but how to ſhine at a ball, and to appear with eclat at places of public entertainment. They are frequently incapable of doing any thing towards their own maintenance, though their fortunes are inconſiderable: and if adverſe fortune brings their parents to poverty, they are rendered miſerable and indigent for the reſt of their lives, in conſequence of the ill-directed pride of their parents.

How abſurd and irrational is ſuch a conduct! How imprudent and wicked! and yet this is not unfrequently the caſe with thoſe who are above being thought nothing better than humble tradeſmen, or honeſt mechanics.

Of all the different ſpecies of pride, this ſeems big with the moſt enormous miſchief; and its evil effects have been abundantly ſeen in the diſtreſs and miſery to which it often brings thoſe who are actuated by it. It is certain, that by far the greateſt part of our numerous bankruptcies have been occaſioned by ſuch a conduct.

Beauty, as it is an accidental, ſo it is alſo a very tranſient advantage. For a few years it may engage the attention and regard of the youthful and inconſiderate part of mankind; but its flutter will be ſhort, and its reign ſoon over. The woman who is admired chiefly for her perſonal lovelineſs, cannot poſſibly be long the ſubject of admiration. Age will come quickly upon her; and ſhe having been only a beautiful woman, will be miſerable in conſequence of being unnoticed and diſregarded.

To be proud of beauty, is to diſcover a conſciouſneſs of the want of more durable accompliſhments; and the woman who is ſo, tacitly owns that

that ſhe is only like a fine picture, all fair and pleaſing to the eye, but poſſeſſed of no qualities calculated to pleaſe thoſe who look farther than the outſide.

A proud woman is an odious ſight: even beauty will not make up for the want of humility and politeneſs. Many inſtances there have been of women, whoſe pride has prevented their beauty from being admired; whoſe inſolence has deprived them of their moſt obſequious ſervants; while other women, who, though not handſome, were more agreeable, and leſs haughty, have, in conſequence of theſe valuable qualities, become the general objects of admiration.

We are ſo much inferior to many of the brute creation in ſtrength and agility of body, that, to be proud of theſe advantages, is a proof of a narrow and mean ſoul. And, indeed, moſt of thoſe who have been remarkable for theſe qualities, eſpecially the former, have been alſo diſtinguiſhed for low and grovelling ſouls. As they are merely animal qualifications, it is beneath a rational and immortal creature to value himſelf upon them.—A ſingle fit of ſickneſs may deprive us of both, and render us more infirm and weak than any of thoſe who at preſent are not equal to us in reſpect

to

to them; and the wiſe Solomon has long ago told us, that wiſdom is better than ſtrength.

The uncertain and tranſient nature of all that we poſſeſs, is an unanſwerable reaſon for humility. Ought he to be proud, who may be deprived of all the little advantages in which he prides himſelf, in a moment, by ten thouſand accidents, to which he is continually liable?

The utmoſt extent of man's knowledge, is to know that he knows nothing. Can he be proud, who knows that the higheſt degrees of fortune, of anceſtry, of perſonal accompliſhments, and of knowledge of the ſciences, of which he can be either poſſeſſed, or to which he can attain, are as nothing, and vanity in the ſight of the Supreme Being? Even knowledge, which, of all the others, we can with the greateſt propriety call our own, is a qualification which we ought not to be proud of; becauſe the higheſt perfection in it, to which we can reach, is contemptible, when compared with the knowledge of Angels and Seraphs; and appears ſtill more ſo, when we reflect on the amazing and infinite knowledge of the parent of the world. When we reflect alſo, that none of theſe accompliſhments can ſecure us from being laid in the ſilent grave, and there ſlumbering,

ing, unnoticed, and undiſtinguiſhed; nor from becoming food for the worms.

View then, O man! the narrow boundaries of thy faculties and powers, and be humble! Remember that thou art as much inferior to the angels, as thou art better than the brutes. Remember that God, and not thee, made the difference.

It appears very plainly, then, to be equally the duty and intereſt of all to put away all pride and haughtineſs; and to remember, that all pride, whether in man or woman, is abſurd, diſguſting, and contemptible.

It is to be wiſhed, that ſuch conſiderations as theſe might effectually engage us to extirpate every ſecret ſpark of pride, which any inconſiderable advantages which nature or accident may have given us, are apt to excite in us; and to perſuade us to make pride ſubſervient to the nobleſt of all purpoſes, the raiſing in us a fervent deſire of being wiſer and better than our neighbours: of attaining to higher degrees of moral rectitude, of piety and devotion, than the generality of our fellow-creatures. Always to be too proud to do either a mean, a fooliſh, or a wicked action; and conſtantly to endeavour to acquire true

true dignity, by being as uſeful members of ſociety as poſſibly we can, and ever to act with propriety and virtue in every relation and circumſtance of life.

By theſe honourable methods we may be ſure of gaining the friendſhip and eſteem of all the worthy and the virtuous of our own ſpecies; and alſo of being approved and rewarded by the greateſt and beſt of all Beings, whoſe favour is better than life, and in whoſe preſence there are everlaſting and unſpeakable pleaſures.

GELALEDDIN OF BASSORA.

IN the time when Baſſora was conſidered as the School of Aſia, and flouriſhed by the reputation of its profeſſors and the confluence of its ſtudents, among the pupils that liſtened round the chair of Albumazor, was Gelaleddin, a native of Tauris in Perſia, a young man amiable in his manners and beautiful in his form, of boundleſs curioſity, inceſſant diligence, and irreſiſtible genius, of quick apprehenſion and tenacious memory, accurate without narrowneſs, and eager for novelty without inconſtancy.

No

No ſooner did Gelaleddin appear at Baſſora, than his virtues and abilities raiſed him to diſtinction. He paſſed from claſs to claſs, rather admired than envied by thoſe whom the rapidity of his progreſs left behind; he was conſulted by his fellow ſtudents as an oraculous guide, and admitted as a competent auditor to the conferences of the Sages.

After a few years, having paſſed through all the exerciſes of probation, Gelaleddin was invited to a Profeſſor's ſeat, and entreated to increaſe the ſplendour of Baſſora. Gelaleddin affected to deliberate on the propoſal, with which, before he conſidered it, he reſolved to comply; and next morning retired to a garden planted for the recreation of the ſtudents, and, entering a ſolitary walk, began to meditate on his future life.

If I am thus eminent, ſaid he, in the regions of literature, I ſhall be yet more conſpicuous in any other place: If I ſhould now devote myſelf to ſtudy and retirement, I muſt paſs my life in ſilence, unacquainted with the delights of wealth, the influence of power, the pomp of greatneſs, and the charms of elegance, with all that man envies and deſires, with all that keeps the world in motion, by the hope of gaining or the fear of loſing

it.—I will therefore depart to Tauris, where the Perſian Monarch reſides in all the ſplendour of abſolute dominion; my reputation will fly before me, my arrival will be congratulated by my kinſmen and my friends: I ſhall ſee the eyes of thoſe who predicted my greatneſs ſparkling with exultation, and the faces of thoſe that once deſpiſed me clouded with envy, or counterfeiting kindneſs by artificial ſmiles. I will ſhew my wiſdom by my diſcourſe, and my moderation by my ſilence; I will inſtruct the modeſt with eaſy gentleneſs, and repreſs the oſtentatious by ſeaſonable ſuperciliouſneſs. My apartments will be crowded by the inquiſitive and the vain, by thoſe that honour, and thoſe that rival me; my name will ſoon reach the Court; I ſhall ſtand before the throne of the Emperor; the Judges of the Law will confeſs my wiſdom; and the Nobles will contend to heap gifts upon me. If I ſhall find that my merit, like that of others, excites malignity, or feel myſelf tottering on the ſeat of elevation, I may at laſt retire to academical obſcurity, and become, in my loweſt ſtate, a Profeſſor of Baſſora.

Having thus ſettled his determination, he declared to his friends his deſign of viſiting Tauris, and ſaw, with more pleaſure than he ventured to expreſs, the regret with which he was diſmiſſed.

He

He could not bear to delay the honours to which he was deſtined; and therefore haſted away, and in a ſhort time entered the capital of Perſia. He was immediately immerſed in the crowd, and paſſed unobſerved to his father's houſe. He entered, and was received, though not unkindly, yet without any exceſs of fondneſs or exclamations of rapture. His father had, in his abſence, ſuffered many loſſes; and Gelaleddin was conſidered as an additional burthen to a falling family.

When he recovered from his ſurprize, he began to diſplay his acquiſitions, and practiſed all the arts of narration and diſquiſition; but the poor have no leiſure to be pleaſed with eloquence; they heard his arguments without reflection, and his pleaſantries without a ſmile. He then applied himſelf ſingly to his brothers and ſiſters, but found them all chained down by invariable attention to their own fortunes, and inſenſible of any other excellence than that which could bring ſome remedy for indigence.

It was now known in the neighbourhood, that Gelaleddin was returned, and he ſat for ſome days in expectation that the learned would viſit him for conſultation, or the great for entertainment.—But who will be pleaſed or inſtructed in the man-

ſions of poverty? He then frequented places of public reſort, and endeavoured to attract notice by the copiouſneſs of his talk. The ſprightly were ſilenced, and went away to cenſure in ſome other place his arrogance and his pedantry; and the dull liſtened quietly for awhile, and then wondered why any man ſhould take pains to obtain ſo much knowledge, which would never do him good.

He next ſolicited the Viſiers for employment, not doubting but his ſervice would be eagerly accepted. He was told by one, that there was no vacancy in his office; by another, that his merit was above any patronage but that of the Emperor; by a third, that he would not forget him; and by the Chief Viſier, that he did not think literature of any great uſe in public buſineſs. He was ſometimes admitted to their tables, where he exerted his wit and diffuſed his knowledge; but he obſerved, that where, by endeavour or accident, he had remarkably excelled, he was ſeldom invited a ſecond time.

He now returned to Baſſora, wearied and diſguſted, but confident of reſuming his former rank, and revelling again in ſatiety of praiſe. But he who had been neglected at Tauris was not much regarded

regarded at Baſſora; he was conſidered as a fugitive, who returned only becauſe he could live in no other place; his companions found that they had formerly over-rated his abilities; and he lived long without notice or eſteem.

ORTOGRUL OF BASRA.

AS Ortogrul of Baſra was one day wandering along the ſtreets of Bagdat, muſing on the varieties of merchandize which the ſhops offered to his view, and obſerving the different occupations which buſied the multitudes on every ſide, he was wakened from the tranquillity of meditation by a crowd that obſtructed his paſſage. He raiſed his eyes, and ſaw the chief Viſier, who, having returned from the Divan, was entering his palace.

Ortogrul mingled with the attendants, and being ſuppoſed to have ſome petition for the Viſier, was permitted to enter. He ſurveyed the ſpacioufneſs of his apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapeſtry, and the floors covered with ſilken carpets, and deſpiſed the ſimple neatneſs of his little habitation.

Surely,

Surely, ſaid he to himſelf, this palace is the ſeat of happineſs, where pleaſure ſucceeds to pleaſure, and diſcontent and ſorrow can have no admiſſion.—Whatever nature has provided for the delight of ſenſe, is here ſpread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine, which the maſter of this palace has not obtained? The diſhes of luxury cover his table; the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java, and ſleeps upon the down of the cygnets of Ganges. He ſpeaks, and his mandate is obeyed; he wiſhes, and his wiſh is gratified; all whom he ſees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him.—How different, Ortogrul, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unſatisfied deſire, and who haſt no amuſement in thy power that can withhold thee from thy own reflections! They tell thee that thou art wiſe; but what does wiſdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor; and the wiſe have very little power of flattering themſelves. The man is ſurely moſt wretched of the ſons of wretchedneſs, who lives with his own faults and follies always before him, and who has no one to reconcile him to himſelf by praiſe and veneration. I have long ſought content, and have not found it: I will, from this moment, endeavour to be rich.

Full

Full of this new reſolution, he ſhut himſelf in his chamber for ſix months, to deliberate how he ſhould grow rich; he ſometimes purpoſed to offer himſelf as a Counſellor to one of the Kings of India; and ſometimes reſolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda.—One day, after ſome hours paſſed in violent fluctuation of opinion, ſleep inſenſibly ſeized him in his chair; he dreamed that he was ranging a deſart country in ſearch of ſome one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he ſtood on the top of an hill ſhaded with cypreſs, in doubt whither to direct his ſteps, his father appeared on a ſudden ſtanding before him. "Ortogrul," ſaid the old man, "I know thy perplexity; liſten to thy father; turn thine eyes on the oppoſite mountain." Ortogrul looked, and ſaw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noiſe of thunder, and ſcattering its foam on the impending woods.—"Now," ſaid his father, "behold the valley that lies between the hills." Ortogrul looked, and eſpied a little well, out of which iſſued a ſmall rivulet. "Tell me now," ſaid his father, "doſt thou wiſh for ſudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent, or for a ſlow and gradual increaſe, reſembling the rill gliding from the well?" "Let me be quickly rich," ſaid Ortogrul; "let the golden ſtream be quick and violent."

violent." "Look round," ſaid his father, "once again." Ortogrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and duſty; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the ſupply, ſlow and conſtant, kept always full. He waked, and determined to grow rich by ſilent profit, and perſevering induſtry.

Having ſold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandize, and in twenty years purchaſed lands on which he raiſed a houſe, equal in ſumptuouſneſs to that of the Viſier, to which he invited all the miniſters of pleaſure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leiſure ſoon made him weary of himſelf, and he longed to be perſuaded that he was great and happy.—He was courteous and liberal; he gave all that approached him hopes of pleaſing him, and all who ſhould pleaſe him, hopes of being rewarded.—Every art of praiſe was tried, and every ſource of adulatory fiction was exhauſted. Ortogrul heard his flatterers without delight, becauſe he found himſelf unable to believe them.—His own heart told him its frailties; his own underſtanding reproached him with his faults.—"How long," ſaid he, with a deep ſigh, "have I been labouring in vain to amaſs wealth, which,

at

at laſt, is uſeleſs! Let no man hereafter wiſh to be rich, who is already too wiſe to be flattered."

MARQUIS OF ANNANDALE.

ONE of his Anceſtors being at the Engliſh Court, a plot was laid to take his life.—Receiving a pair of ſpurs from an unknown hand, he immediately underſtood the meaning of the preſent, and fled. It was from this incident the family took a ſpur for their creſt, to which they added a wing as a mark of their activity.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

THE Emperor Auguſtus having taken Adiatoriges, a Prince of Cappadocia, together with his wife and children, in war, and led them to Rome in triumph, gave orders that the father and the elder of the brothers ſhould be ſlain. The deſigned miniſters of this execution were come to the place of confinement to this unhappy family, and there enquiring which of the brethren was the eldeſt, there aroſe a vehement and earneſt contention betwixt the two young princes, each of them affirming himſelf to be the elder, that by

his death he might preſerve the life of the other. When they had long continued in this pious emulation, the mother, at laſt, not without difficulty, prevailed with her ſon Dytentus, that he would permit his younger brother to die in his ſtead; as hoping that by him ſhe might moſt probably be ſuſtained.

Auguſtus was at length certified of this great example of brotherly love, and not only lamented that act of his ſeverity, but gave an honourable ſupport to the mother and her ſurviving ſon, by ſome called Clitanus.

TRUTH, FALSHOOD, AND FICTION.

AN ALLEGORY.

IT is reported of the Perſians, by an ancient writer, that the ſum of their education conſiſted in teaching youth *to ride, to ſhoot with the bow, and to ſpeak truth.*

The bow and the horſe were eaſily maſtered, but it would have been happy if we had been informed by what arts veracity was cultivated, and by what preſervatives a Perſian mind was ſecured againſt the temptations to falſhood.

There

There are, indeed, in the preſent corruption of mankind, many incitements to forſake truth; the need of palliating our own faults, and the convenience of impoſing on the ignorance or credulity of others, ſo frequently occur; ſo many immediate evils are to be avoided, and ſo many preſent gratifications obtained, by craft and deluſion, that very few of thoſe who are much entangled in life, have ſpirit and conſtancy ſufficient to ſupport them in the ſteady practice of open veracity.

In order that all men may be taught to ſpeak truth, it is neceſſary that all likewiſe ſhould learn to hear it; for no ſpecies of falſhood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependant by intereſt, and the friend by tenderneſs: Thoſe who are neither ſervile nor timorous, are yet deſirous to beſtow pleaſure; and while unjuſt demands of praiſe continue to be made, there will always be ſome whom hope, fear, or kindneſs, will diſpoſe to pay them.

The guilt of falſhood is very widely extended, and many whom their conſcience can ſcarcely charge with ſtooping to a lie, have vitiated the morals of others by their vanity, and patronized the vice which they believe themſelves to abhor.

Truth is, indeed, not often welcome for its own ſake; it is generally unpleaſing, becauſe contrary to our wiſhes, and oppoſite to our practice; and as our attention naturally follows our intereſt, we hear unwillingly that we are afraid to know, and ſoon forget what we have no inclination to impreſs upon our memories.

For this reaſon many arts of inſtruction have been invented, by which the reluctance againſt truth may be overcome; and as phyſic is given to children in confections, precepts have been hidden under a thouſand appearances, that mankind may be bribed by pleaſure to eſcape deſtruction.

While the world was yet in its infancy, Truth came among mortals from above, and Falſhood from below. Truth was the daughter of Jupiter and Wiſdom; Falſhood was the progeny of Folly impregnated by the wind. They advanced with equal confidence to ſeize the dominion of the new creation, and as their enmity and their force were well known to the celeſtials, all the eyes of heaven were turned upon the conteſt.

Truth ſeemed conſcious of ſuperior power and juſter claim, and therefore came on towering and majeſtic,

majeſtic, unaſſiſted and alone; Reaſon indeed always attended her, but appeared her follower, rather than companion.—Her march was ſlow and ſtately, but her motion was perpetually progreſſive, and when once ſhe had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

Falſhood always endeavoured to copy the mien and attitudes of Truth, and was very ſucceſsful in the arts of mimickry. She was ſurrounded, animated, and ſupported by innumerable legions of appetites and paſſions; but, like other feeble commanders, was obliged often to receive law from her allies.—Her motions were ſudden, irregular, and violent; for ſhe had no ſteadineſs nor conſtancy.—She often gained conqueſts by haſty incurſions, which ſhe never hoped to keep by her own ſtrength, but maintained by the help of the paſſions, whom ſhe generally found reſolute and faithful.

It ſometimes happened that the antagoniſts met in full oppoſition.—In theſe encounters, Falſhood always inveſted her head with clouds, and commanded Fraud to place ambuſhes about her.—In her left hand ſhe bore the ſhield of Impudence, and the quiver of Sophiſtry rattled on her ſhoulder. All the paſſions attended at her call; Vanity clapped

clapped her wings before, and Obſtinacy ſupported her behind. Thus guarded and aſſiſted, ſhe ſometimes advanced againſt Truth, and ſometimes waited the attack; but always endeavoured to ſkirmiſh at a diſtance, perpetually ſhifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in different directions; for ſhe certainly found that her ſtrength failed, whenever the eye of Truth darted full upon her.

Truth had the awful aſpect, though not the thunder, of her father; and when the long continuance of the conteſt brought them near to one another, Falſhood let the arms of Sophiſtry fall from her graſp, and holding up the ſhield of Impudence with both her hands, ſheltered herſelf amongſt the paſſions.

Truth, though ſhe was often wounded, always recovered in a ſhort time; but it was common for the ſlighteſt hurt, received of Falſhood, to ſpread its malignity to the neighbouring parts, and to burſt open again when it ſeemed to have been cured.

Falſhood, in a ſhort time, found by experience that her ſuperiority conſiſted only in the celerity of her courſe, and the changes of her poſture.—

She

She therefore ordered Suſpicion to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to croſs the way of Truth, who, as ſhe never varied her point, but moved conſtantly upon the ſame line, was eaſily eſcaped by the oblique and deſultory movements, the quick retreats and active doubles, which Falſhood always practiſed, when the enemy began to raiſe terror by her approach.

By this procedure Falſhood every hour incroached upon the world, and extended her empire through all climes and regions. Wherever ſhe carried her victories, ſhe left the Paſſions in full authority behind her; who were ſo well pleaſed with command, that they held out with great obſtinacy when Truth came to ſeize their poſts, and never failed to retard her progreſs, though they could not always ſtop it: They yielded at laſt with great reluctance, frequent rallies, and ſullen ſubmiſſion; and always inclined to revolt when Truth ceaſed to awe them by her immediate preſence.

Truth, who, when ſhe firſt deſcended from the heavenly palaces, expected to have been received by univerſal acclamation, cheriſhed with kindneſs, heard with obedience, and invited to ſpread her influence from province to province, now found, that

that wherever ſhe came, ſhe muſt force her paſſage.—Every intellect was precluded by Prejudice, and every heart pre-occupied by Paſſion. She indeed advanced, but ſhe advanced ſlowly; and often loſt the conqueſts which ſhe left behind her, by ſudden inſurrections of the Appetites, that ſhook off their allegiance, and ranged themſelves again under the banner of her enemy.

Truth, however, did not grow weaker by the ſtruggle, for her vigour was unconquerable; yet ſhe was provoked to ſee herſelf thus baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom ſhe looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but ſuch as ſhe owed to inconſtancy, weakneſs, and artifice. She therefore, in the anger of diſappointment, called upon her father Jupiter to re-eſtabliſh her in the ſkies, and leave mankind to the diſorder and miſery which they deſerved, by ſubmitting willingly to the uſurpation of Falſhood.

Jupiter compaſſionated the world too much to grant her requeſt, yet was willing to eaſe her labours, and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to conſult the Muſes by what methods ſhe might obtain an eaſier reception, and reign without the toil of inceſſant war.—It was then diſcovered, that ſhe obſtructed her own progreſs

greſs by the ſeverity of her aſpect, and the ſolemnity of her dictates; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceaſed to fear her, ſince by giving themſelves up to Falſhood they ſeldom made any ſacrifice of their eaſe or pleaſure, becauſe ſhe took the ſhape that was moſt engaging, and always ſuffered herſelf to be dreſt and painted by Deſire.

The Muſes wove, in the loom of Pallas, a looſe and changeable robe, like that in which Falſhood captivated her admirers; with this they inveſted Truth, and named her Fiction.—She now went out again to conquer with more ſucceſs; for when ſhe demanded entrance of the Paſſions, they often miſtook her for Falſhood, and delivered up their charge; but when ſhe had once taken poſſeſſion, ſhe was ſoon diſrobed by Reaſon, and ſhone out, in her original form, with native effulgence and reſiſtleſs dignity.

A SUSPICIOUS MAN JUSTLY SUSPECTED.

SUSPICION, however neceſſary it may be to our ſafe paſſage through ways beſet on all ſides by fraud and malice, has been always con-

ſidered, where it exceeds the common meaſures, as a token of depravity and corruption; and a Greek writer of ſentences has laid down as a ſtanding maxim, that *he who believes not another on his oath, knows himſelf to be perjured.*

We can form our opinions of that which we know not, only by placing it in compariſon with ſomething that we know: whoever therefore is over-run with ſuſpicion, and detects artifice and ſtratagem in every propoſal, muſt either have learned by experience or obſervation the wickedneſs of mankind, and been taught to avoid fraud by having often ſuffered or ſeen treachery, or he muſt derive his judgment from the conſciouſneſs of his own diſpoſition, and impute to others the ſame inclinations, which he feels predominant in himſelf.

To learn caution by turning our eyes upon life, and obſerving the arts by which negligence is ſurprized, timidity overborne, and credulity amuſed, requires either great latitude of converſe, and long acquaintance with buſineſs, or uncommon activity of vigilance, and acuteneſs of penetration. When therefore a young man, not diſtinguiſhed by vigour of intellect, comes into the world full of ſcruples and diffidence; makes a bargain

gain with many proviſional limitations; heſitates in his anſwer to a common queſtion, leſt more ſhould be intended than he can immediately diſcover; has a long reach in detecting the projects of his acquaintance; conſiders every careſs as an act of hypocriſy, and feels neither gratitude nor affection from the tenderneſs of his friends, becauſe he believes no one to have any real tenderneſs but for himſelf; whatever expectations this early ſagacity may raiſe of his future eminence or riches, I can ſeldom forbear to conſider him as a wretch incapable of generoſity or benevolence, as a villain early completed, beyond the need of common opportunities, and gradual temptations.

Upon men of this claſs inſtruction and admonition are generally thrown away, becauſe they conſider artifice and deceit as proofs of underſtanding; they are miſled at the ſame time by the two great ſeducers of the world, vanity and intereſt, and not only look upon thoſe who act with openneſs and confidence, as condemned by their principles to obſcurity and want, but as contemptible for narrowneſs of comprehenſion, ſhortneſs of views, and ſlowneſs of contrivance.

The world has been long amuſed with the mention of policy in public tranſactions, and of art in

private affairs; they have been conſidered as the effects of great qualities, and as unattainable by men of the common level; yet I have not found many performances either of art or policy, that required ſuch ſtupendous efforts of intellect, or might not have been effected by falſhood and impudence, without the aſſiſtance of any other powers. To profeſs what he does not mean, to promiſe what he cannot perform, to flatter ambition with proſpects of promotion, and miſery with hopes of relief, to ſoothe pride with appearances of ſubmiſſion, and appeaſe enmity by blandiſhments and bribes, can ſurely imply nothing more or greater than a mind devoted wholly to its own purpoſes, a face that cannot bluſh, and a heart that cannot feel.

Theſe practiſes are ſo mean and baſe, that he who finds in himſelf no tendency to uſe them, cannot eaſily believe that they are conſidered by others with leſs deteſtation; he therefore ſuffers himſelf to ſlumber in falſe ſecurity, and becomes a prey to thoſe who applaud their own ſubtilty, becauſe they know how to ſteal upon his ſleep, and exult in the ſucceſs which they could never have obtained, had they not attempted a man better than themſelves, who was hindered from obviating their ſtratagems, not by folly, but by innocence.

Suſpicion

Suſpicion is, indeed, a temper ſo uneaſy and reſtleſs, that it is very juſtly appointed the concomitant of guilt. It is ſaid, that no torture is equal to the inhibition of ſleep long continued; a pain, to which the ſtate of that man bears a very exact analogy, who dares never give reſt to his vigilance and circumſpection, but conſiders himſelf as ſurrounded by ſecret foes, and fears to entruſt his children or his friend with the ſecret that throbs in his breaſt, and the anxiety that breaks into his face.—To avoid, at this expence, thoſe evils to which eaſineſs and friendſhip might have expoſed him, is ſurely to buy ſafety at too dear a rate, and, in the language of the Roman ſatiriſt, to ſave life by loſing all for which a wiſe man would live.

When in the diet of the German empire, as Camerarius relates, the princes were once diſplaying their felicity, and each boaſting the advantages of his own dominions, one who poſſeſſed a country not remarkable for the grandeur of its cities, or the fertility of its ſoil, roſe to ſpeak, and the reſt liſtened between pity and contempt, till he declared, in honour of his territories, that he could travel through them without a guard, and if he was weary, ſleep in ſafety upon the lap of the firſt man whom he ſhould meet; a commendation

which

which would have been ill exchanged for the boaſt of palaces, paſtures, or ſtreams.

Suſpicion is not leſs an enemy to virtue than to happineſs; he that is already corrupt is naturally ſuſpicious, and he that becomes ſuſpicious will quickly be corrupt.—It is too common for us to learn the frauds by which ourſelves have ſuffered; men who are once perſuaded that deceit will be employed againſt them, ſometimes think the ſame arts juſtified by the neceſſity of defence. Even they whoſe virtue is too well eſtabliſhed to give way to example, or be ſhaken by ſophiſtry, muſt yet feel their love of mankind diminiſhed with their eſteem, and grow leſs zealous for the happineſs of thoſe by whom they imagine their own happineſs endangered.

Thus we find old age, upon which ſuſpicion has been ſtrongly impreſſed by long intercourſe with the world, inflexible and ſevere, not eaſily ſoftened by ſubmiſſion, melted by complaint, or ſubdued by ſupplication.—Frequent experience of counterfeited miſeries and diſſembled virtue, in time overcomes that diſpoſition to tenderneſs and ſympathy, which is ſo powerful in our younger years, and they that happen to petition the old for compaſſion or aſſiſtance, are doomed to languiſh

guiſh without regard, and ſuffer for the crimes of men who have formerly been found undeſerving or ungrateful.

Hiſtorians are certainly chargeable with the depravation of mankind, when they relate without cenſure thoſe ſtratagems of war by which the virtues of an enemy are engaged to his deſtruction. A ſhip comes before a port, weather beaten and ſhattered, and the crew implore the liberty of repairing their breaches, ſupplying themſelves with neceſſaries, or burying their dead.—The humanity of the inhabitants inclines them to conſent, the ſtrangers enter the town with weapons concealed, fall ſuddenly upon their benefactors, deſtroy thoſe that make reſiſtance, and become maſters of the place; they return home rich with plunder, and their ſucceſs is recorded to encourage imitation.

But ſurely war has its laws, and ought to be conducted with ſome regard to the univerſal intereſt of man. Thoſe may juſtly be purſued as enemies to the community of nature, who ſuffer hoſtility to vacate the unalterable laws of right, and purſue their private advantage by means which, if once eſtabliſhed, muſt deſtroy kindneſs, cut off from every

every man all hopes of assistance from another, and fill the world with perpetual suspicion, and implacable malevolence. Whatever is thus gained ought to be restored, and those who have conquered by such treachery may be justly denied the protection of their native country.

Whoever commits a fraud is guilty not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives, but of the diminution of that confidence which constitutes not only the ease but the existence of society.—He that suffers by imposture has too often his virtues more impaired than his fortune. But as it is necessary not to invite robbery by supineness, so it is our duty not to suppress tenderness by suspicion; it is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.

ANECDOTE
OF
JOHN ELWES, Esq.

A Son of Mr. Elwes having paid his addresses to a niece of Dr. Noel, of Oxford, who, of course, thought it proper to wait upon old Mr. Elwes,

Elwes, to apprize him of the circumſtance, and to aſk his conſent.—Old Mr. Elwes had not the leaſt objection.—Doctor Noel was very happy to hear it, as a marriage betwixt the young people might be productive of happineſs to both. Old Mr. Elwes had not the leaſt objection to any body marrying whatever. "This ready acquieſcence is ſo obliging!" ſaid the Doctor—"but, doubtleſs, you feel for the mutual wiſhes of the parties."—'I dare ſay I do,' replied the old gentleman.—"Then, Sir," ſaid Doctor Noel, "you have no objection to an immediate union? you ſee I talk freely on the ſubject." Old Mr. Elwes had no objection to any thing. "Now then, Sir," obſerved Doctor Noel, "we have only one thing to ſettle; and you are ſo kind, there can be no difficulty about the matter; as I ſhall behave liberally to my niece—What do you mean to give your ſon?"—"*Give!*" ſaid old Elwes, "ſure I did not ſay any thing about *giving*; but if you wiſh it ſo much, I will *give my conſent.*"

The word *give* having ſtuck in the throat of the Elwes family for two generations,—the tranſaction ended altogether.

That the above anecdote is literally a fact, Doctor Noel can teſtify, who that day diſcovered

 there

there was more than *one ſhort word* in the Engliſh language, to which there is no reply.

ANECDOTE
OF
A COUNTRY CURATE.

A Clergyman being one Friday in Lent to examine his young Catechumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave a game of *All-Fours* unfiniſhed, in which he had the advantage; but told his antagoniſt, he would ſoon diſpatch his audience, and ſee him out.—Now for fear any tricks ſhould be played with his cards in his abſence, he put them in his caſſock; and aſking one of the children how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily anſwering, by accident one of the cards dropped out of his ſleeve.—He had the preſence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was, which he readily did: When turning to the parents of the child, ſaid, "Are you not aſhamed to pay ſuch little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments? I ſuſpected your neglect, and brought this card with me, to detect your immo-

immorality, in teaching your children to know their cards before their commandments."

TITUS ANTONIUS.

TITUS ANTONIUS, a citizen of Rome, was ſo well beloved by his fellow-citizens, as well as his relations, on account of his many virtuous actions, that they ſtrove who ſhould give the greateſt proof of their affection for him, and numbers of the moſt wealthy of them left him conſiderable legacies at their death, by which he received vaſt wealth.

Riches, which commonly corrupt the heart of man, ſerved, on the contrary, to diſplay to ſtill greater advantage the virtues of Titus Antonius. He flew to the relief of all who were in diſtreſs, aſſiſted them with his purſe, and comforted them by his friendly advice.

He ever preſerved the ſame regard for his friends, and the ſame affection for his relations, as before the increaſe of his fortune.—Not forgetful of the duty he owed to his father, who was advanced to a great age, he ſerved him both as a

guide and a ſupport whenever he had occaſion to go abroad. One day, the Emperor Adrian having convoked the ſenate, Titus Antonius conducted thither his infirm and aged father, who was one of the members, holding him under the arm, and ſupporting in a manner the whole weight of his body. The Emperor, ſtruck with the extraordinary tenderneſs and affection which Titus ſhewed towards the feeble old man, reſolved immediately to adopt him as his heir to the crown, that he might have the pleaſure of paſſing the remainder of his days with a man who ſhewed ſuch attention to his parent; being certain, from the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, that the Romans would enjoy peace and happineſs under his reign.

This was a moſt extraordinary reward indeed, for the filial piety of this deſerving young man.—And it appears that Adrian was not diſappointed in his expectations; for he aſſiſted that Emperor in his government with great wiſdom and aſſiduity, and comforted him with all the affection of a ſon during his illneſs.

After the death of Adrian, Titus aſcended the throne, to the great happineſs of the people.—He remitted all that was due to the Emperor's treaſury,

ſury, aboliſhed many taxes that were too burthenſome, examined into the conduct of thoſe who had the adminiſtration of juſtice, rewarded the learned and ingenious, relieved the diſtreſſed, kept his ſoldiers in exact diſcipline; his virtues were admired by all foreign nations, he was a friend to all the ſovereigns of his time, being often beſought by them to adjuſt their diſputes, which were ſubmitted to his determination.—In fine, during his reign, the Roman Empire was in a flouriſhing condition, the world was at peace, and then enjoyed a happineſs to which they were ſtrangers before.

ANECDOTE

OF

A NOBLE LORD, AND HIS TUTOR.

A Noble Lord, when he was under the tuition of the Rev. ———, who uſed to call him his little chancellor, one day replied, that when he was ſo, he would give him a good living. One happening to fall ſoon after he was Chancellor, he recollected his promiſe, and ordered the preſentation to be filled up for his old maſter, who ſoon after came to his Lordſhip, to remind him of

of his promiſe, and to aſk for this living:—"Why, really," ſaid my Lord, "I wiſh you had come a day ſooner, for I have given it away already, and when you ſee to whom, I dare ſay you will not think me to blame;" ſo putting the preſentation into his hands, convinced him that he had not forgot his promiſe.

EMPEROR SOLYMAN.

THAT haughty Sovereign of the Turks, whoſe talents were ſo great, and whoſe ambition was without bounds, in his attack on Hungary, took the city of Belgrade, which was conſidered as the bulwark of Chriſtendom. After this important conqueſt, a woman of low rank approached him, and complained bitterly, that ſome of his ſoldiers had carried off her cattle, in which conſiſted the whole of her wealth.—You muſt then have been in a very deep ſleep, ſaid the Sultan, ſmiling, if you did not hear the robbers.—Yes, my ſovereign, replied the woman, I did ſleep ſoundly, but it was in the fulleſt confidence, that your highneſs watched for the public ſafety.

The

The Prince, who had an elevated mind, far from reſenting this freedom, made her ample amends for the loſs which ſhe had ſuſtained.

CONSOLATORY VERSES

To Mrs. H——,

On the DEATH of her INFANT GIRL.

AT length, ſweet babe, thy tortur'd frame's at reſt;
Life's bands are loos'd, and thou art with the bleſt:
No more ſhall pain thy prattler's limbs annoy,
Mounted on ſeraph's wings to realms of joy.
Fain would I ſoothe thy woe, relieve thy pain,
And urge, thy loſs is her tranſcendent gain;
Yet the fond mother cries, with actions wild,
Deaf to all comfort—"Oh, my child!—my child!"
Buſy Reflection yet, with pointed dart,
Recals each look to wound a mother's heart,
Smiles as her infant ſmil'd—her voice, the ſame,
Thrills through her ears, and liſps a mother's name;
Clings round her neck,—too poignantly diſplays
Her dear, loſt child, with all its winning ways.

"Ah! where's the bounding ſtep, the laughing eye?
Pale thy dear lips which wore the coral dye!

Mute

Mute is that voice o'er which with joy I've hung,
And ſtopp'd the honey'd prattle of thy tongue;
Nipp'd are thy budding graces, in their prime,
Like flowers in ſpring, cut off before their time.
Oh! I muſt ever mourn my hopes beguil'd;
Pride of my life—my child! my child! my child!"

Ye ſoothing friends, ah! let her breathe her woes—
From griefs imparted, conſolation flows.

Turn, gentle Mourner, think to thee 'tis given
To ſee thy firſt-born wear the crown of Heaven.
See through thy tears—tears will awhile remain;
For ſighs and tears by nature ſpring from pain.
See through the eye of faith, diſrob'd of clay,
Thy Babe a cherub, join'd eternal day:
A ſmiling ſeraph gain'd the heavenly road,
Chaunting ſweet hallelujahs to her God.

Would'ſt thou—if yet thou could'ſt, allure her down,
And rob th' exulting Angel of her crown?
Ah, no!—'tis anxious, trembling nature yearns—
The Chriſtian yields her—but the mother mourns.
Could'ſt thou but ſee her, rob'd in ſpotleſs white,
How would her wond'rous glories charm thy ſight!

Then

Then would ſhe ſay—" Ah! weep for me no more;
" I am not loſt—but gone awhile before:
" Abſent, indeed, but we ſhall meet again
" In realms of bliſs, 'midſt yon celeſtial train!

" O! turn thy eyes from that diſtreſſing night,
" When death and anguiſh wrung thee from my
ſight:
" Soon as the ſoul was from this body driven,
" I did but cloſe my eyes, and wak'd in heaven!

" Think what a blaze of glory round me ſmil'd;
" Myr'ads of angels met thy happy child;
" Ten thouſand gracious forms appear'd to view,
" Smil'd in my face, as thou wert wont to do:

" Deck'd me in heavenly robes, each bliſs diſplay'd,
" Whilſt round my flaxen locks a rainbow play'd;
" Around my neck a golden harp they hung,
" And with ſweet hallelujah's tun'd my tongue:

" A branch of palm my little fingers graſp'd,
" And oft, uplift with joy and wonder, claſp'd,
" With cherubs wing, upon a ſun-beam's ray,
" O'er ſilver clouds I wing'd my glorious way!

" Ah! 'tis in vain, cloath'd as thou art with ſenſe,
" To paint the wonders of OMNIPOTENCE;

" But thou wilt know, wilt unincumber'd ſee,
" When thou haſt ſhot the gulph 'twixt me and thee;

" Then will I tune my harp, and meet thy love,
" Though form'd my infant mind for joys above;
" I'll join thy mounting ſpirit, as it flies,
" And both together ſeek our native ſkies!"

" Yes, we ſhall meet, ſweet love, and never part;
" I yet ſhall ſee thee, darling of my heart:
" Proſtrate before thy throne, O! Power divine,
" I'll kiſs the rod, and patiently reſign;
" Fully convinc'd, in trembling nature's ſpite,
" Whate'er thou doſt, is juſt—is good—is right!"

THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH.

PSALM CXLVIII PARAPHRASED.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue,
Ye pow'rs that guard his throne;
Jeſus the man ſhall lead the ſong,
The God inſpire the tune.

II.

II.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above,
Sing; for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

III.

Shine to his praiſe, ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes,
Before a brighter God.

IV.

Thou reſtleſs globe of golden light,
Whoſe beams create our days,
Join with the ſilver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

V.

Bluſh and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names:
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

VI.

Winds, ye ſhall bear his name aloud
Thro' the ethereal blue,

For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

VII.

Thunder and hail, and fires and ſtorms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms
And ſpeak his awful hand.

VIII.

Shout to the Lord, ye ſurging ſeas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe,
And ſhore reply to ſhore.

IX.

While monſters ſporting on the flood,
In ſcaly ſilver ſhine,
Speak terribly their maker God,
And laſh the foaming brine.

X.

But gentler things ſhall tune his name
To ſofter notes than theſe,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the ſtream,
Or whiſp'ring thro' the trees.

XI.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid ye grow;
Sweet cluſters bend the fruitful vines,
On every thankful bough.

XII.

Let the ſhrill birds his honour raiſe,
And climb the morning ſky;
While groveling beaſts attempt his praiſe
In hoarſer harmony.

XIII.

Thus while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals take the ſound,
Echo the glories of your king
Thro' all the nations round.

XIV.

Th' Eternal name muſt fly abroad
From Britain to Japan;
And the whole race ſhall bow to God,
That owns the name of man.

ANECDOTE
OF
THE LATE KING OF FRANCE.

NOTHING can more endear a Monarch to his ſubjects, or render him more illuſtrious in the eſtimation of the thinking and the good in all countries, than when he diſpenſes his bounties with a ſingle eye to the claims of humanity, uninfluenced by the ignoble views of party, or the intereſted ſolicitations of the great and affluent.—Of this his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty has given an inſtance, which, while it beſpeaks the goodneſs of his heart, cannot fail to give him the nobleſt right to the appellations of the GREAT and the WELL-BELOVED, with which adulation had dignified his two immediate predeceſſors.

The Prince de Montbarey lately preſented a liſt to his Majeſty, of the young gentlemen who were candidates for the vacant places in the military ſchool.—In this liſt were a great number who were very ſtrongly recommended by perſons of the higheſt rank.—"Since theſe," ſaid the King, "have no protectors, I will be their friend;" and he inſtantly gave the preference to them.

VERSES

VERSES
ON THE
DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Inſcribed to a YOUNG LADY.

WHENEVER HE, who ſince the world began,
Has felt for all the miſeries of man;
Who, Folly's mean ſuſpicions to remove,
Requeſts us to remember HE IS LOVE;
Who guides all Nature to a noble end,
By ways our weakneſs cannot comprehend;
When, from the tireſome ſcene of trifling here,
He takes his favourites to a higher ſphere,
While the freed ſpirit leaves her load of clay,
And wonders we behind ſubmit to ſtay,
The feelings of falſe pity are obey'd,
And mortals mourn for thoſe they call the dead.

How many lectures have we heard in vain?
But truths, neglected, muſt be told again:
Stupidity herſelf can ſcarce forget
That Death is an inevitable debt.
That too much pleaſure muſt itſelf deſtroy,
That ſomething ſtill is wanting in our joy;
That modeſt Merit rarely meets her due,
That Happineſs recedes as we purſue;

That

That Pride's poor play-things are not worth a ſigh,
That 'tis our higheſt privilege to die,
And all our grief muſt fairly be confeſt
But ſelfiſhneſs, or ignorance, at beſt.

You, Madam, anſwer,—" That our friend was young,
" That ſcandal never ſtain'd his faultleſs tongue;
" That all his words were free from ſordid art;
" That virtue never fir'd a purer heart—
" How cruelly cut off before his time—
" His every joy juſt riſing in the prime!"
Let me, from ſad experience of the paſt,
Wiſh my firſt minute might have been my laſt;
And think, with fondneſs, of that happy ſhore,
Where HE, who ſhar'd our ſorrows, ſighs no more;
Where Envy ſhall not interrupt our peace,
And human anguiſh finds a full releaſe.

The young, when ruſhing on their quickſand ſtage,
Avoid, and pity, and deſpiſe old age;
With ſullen hatred hear its frigid rules,
And fancy that their fathers have been fools;
That they the manners of the world will mend,
That every gay companion is a friend;
That native merit their ſucceſs enſures,
That ſhe they doat on, has a heart like yours.

But

But ſoon, by life's calamities oppreſt,
Conviction, burſting on the tortur'd breaſt,
Their blaſted hopes the bitter truth reveal,
That men may talk of what they do not feel;
Nay, that the beſt ne'er practiſe as they know—
That words are all a wiſe man can beſtow:
Then venerable Miſery fails to move,
Suſpicion freezes every ſource of Love;
They feel no pleaſure, they forbear to pleaſe,
And who would ranſom life on terms like theſe?

Come, let each thought in grateful rapture ſwell,
Since HE who lov'd us, hath eſcap'd ſo well;
Without one pang, from tenderneſs forgot,
With ſcarce one cauſe to murmur at his lot:
To all which goodneſs infinite can give—
'Twas in *expiring* HE began to *live*.

From this low ſcene, when ſuch a ſoul retires,
What heart could cenſure, what the heart inſpires;
A parting tear to Nature muſt be paid—
Nature, in ſpite of pride, muſt be obey'd;
And, kindling, like his friend, at beauty's charms,
While every honour'd paſſion's up in arms,
The coldeſt of all ſongſters muſt avow,
Life worth ambition, if enjoy'd with you.

ANECDOTE.

A PRUSSIAN Clergyman applied to the late King of Pruſſia, for his permiſſion to preach in his chapel, and to honour him with his preſence.

His Majeſty thought it rather preſumptuous for a country clergyman to aſk ſuch a favour, but nevertheleſs granted his requeſt, and told him he would give him a text to preach on, that he ſhould preach the Sunday following, when he would be there to hear him.

The clergyman waited with anxiety from day to day, for the text, as he wiſhed to have it in time, that he might make a fine ſermon on it—but Sunday morning came, and no text.

He, however, went into the pulpit with an intent to preach one of his old ſermons, thinking the King had forgot to ſend him a text.

The King came to the chapel ſoon after, and ſent the clergyman a letter, which he opened and read; the contents were—"The incloſed is your text, and you will preach immediately."

He

He opened the bit of paper that was incloſed; when, to his great aſtoniſhment, he found it quite blank; he looked at the other ſide—it was blank there too.

He held it out for the audience to look at, and ſaid, "*Here* is nothing;"—and then turning it, "and *there* is nothing, and of *nothing* God created Heaven and Earth."

Then quoting a verſe in the firſt chapter of Geneſis, he preached a ſermon on it extempore.

The King was ſo delighted at the great preſence of mind the clergyman had ſhewn, that he made him his almoner.

BERANGER.

IN Lombardy, a country that has not been remarkable for the valour of its inhabitants, there lived a knight, a widower with an only daughter. He had contracted debts, and was obliged to have recourſe to an uſurer; but this temporary ſhift, as it generally happens, only ſerved to plunge him the deeper into difficulties; ſo that in a ſhort time, being unable to ſatisfy his

creditors in any other manner, he was obliged to compound matters by offering his daughter in marriage to the ſon —The offer was accepted, and the damſel eſpouſed the ſon of the uſurer. It is thus that the nobleſt race is deſtroyed, that chivalry degenerates, and that brave men are ſucceeded by a generation of reptiles who have no paſſion but for ſilver and gold.

The old gentleman himſelf was aſhamed of this alliance, and mortified in his ſoul that he haſt caſt a blot upon the birth of his grandchildren. He created, however, his ſon-in-law a knight, and armed him with his own hand.

Puffed up with this new title, our young plebeian thought himſelf elevated into a hero. His nobility was the conſtant theme of his converſation.—All he would liſten to, eſpecially at table, was tournaments, arms, and combats.—He hoped by that, to give his wife a great opinion of him; but he found that it ſubjected him the more to her contempt. To impoſe on her then in a manner ſomewhat more ſpecious, he declared that, aſhamed to have ſuffered love to chain down his valour, he was reſolved, at length, to ſhew her what a huſband ſhe had got, and engaged that if he could ſhortly fall in with an adverſary, he would give

proofs

proofs of ſuch proweſs, as all her anceſtors combined together would have been unable to exhibit.

The next day he roſe early; ſent for arms quite new and ſhining with extraordinary luſtre; then mounted a ſhewy charger and ſallied forth courageouſly.—The only difficulty was to determine whither he ſhould bend his courſe thus equipped; and by what means he ſhould continue to acquire with his rib the reputation of a gallant knight.—Not far diſtant there fortunately was a wood.—Thither he repairs with full ſpeed; ties up his horſe, and looking round to ſee that he was obſerved by nobody, he hangs his ſhield on the trunk of a tree, and with all his force begins to exerciſe his ſword upon it.—He likewiſe ſhivers his lance to pieces againſt a tree; after which he returns home with his ſhield, all hacked and cut, ſuſpended from his neck.

His wife, as he diſmounted from his horſe, came to hold the ſtirrups. He commanded her to retire, and, diſplaying his ſhattered arms, the pretended evidence of his combat, obſerved, with an air of contempt, that the whole family from which ſhe was ſo vain of deducing her origin, could not, together united, have borne the dreadful aſſault

which

which he had juſt ſuſtained.—She made no anſwer, but went in again, not a little ſurprized, however, to ſee his ſhield battered as if he had been at a tournament, whilſt neither knight nor horſe had received a ſcratch.

The following week our hero ſallied out again, and with the ſame ſucceſs.—He had even the inſolence, on this laſt occaſion, when the wife came on his return to aſſiſt him in getting off his horſe, to put her from him rudely with his foot, as if ſhe were not fit to touch a man of his extraordinary merit. The horſe, notwithſtanding, had come back as freſh as when he went out; the ſword, which was hacked like a ſaw, did not ſhew the leaſt trace of blood, and neither the helmet nor the coat of mail appeared to have received a ſingle blow.—All theſe circumſtances excited a degree of miſtruſt in the wife.—She ſtrongly ſuſpected the truth of theſe terrible combats, and to know with certainty what to think of it, ſhe in ſecret provided herſelf with the arms of a knight, and reſolved to follow her huſband the next time he went out, and, if poſſible, to retaliate by ſome kind of artifice.

He ſoon returned to the wood, to diſpatch, as he gave out, three knights, who had dared him to combat.

combat. The wife preſſed him to take ſome attendants along with him, armed, if it were only to guard againſt treachery.—But this was what he would by no means agree to; and declared that he had confidence enough in his own arm to meet three men without apprehenſion, or even more, if they had the audacity to preſent themſelves againſt him.—As ſoon as he was gone, the wife made haſte to arm herſelf.—She laced on a coat of mail, hung a ſword by her ſide, tied a helmet on her head, and galloped after the braggadocia.

Already had he reached the wood, where, with a dreadful noiſe, he was paying away upon his new ſhield.—The wife, at the firſt ſight, was ſeized with a violent fit of laughter, but compoſing herſelf, came up, and addreſſed him in the following abrupt manner:—"Slave, by what authority doſt thou come here to cut down my trees, and interrupt my progreſs with this diſagreeable uproar? Is it to put it out of thy power to give me ſatisfaction that thou deſtroyeſt thy ſhield? Coward as thou art, curſed be he that does not deſpiſe thee as much as I do! I here arreſt thee as my priſoner; follow me inſtantly to rot in one of my dungeons."

The

The poor knight was, at this addreſs, ready to drop down with fear.—He found himſelf caught without the leaſt chance of eſcaping, and did not feel courageous enough to fight.—If a child that moment had advanced towards him, he durſt not have put himſelf on the defenſive. His ſword ſoon dropped from his hands, he intreated forgiveneſs, and promiſed never to enter the wood more during life; and further offered, if he had done any damage, to make it good an hundred times over.—" Baſe-minded wretch, to imagine that gold can repreſs the indignation, and avert the vengeance of a brave man. I ſhall ſhortly teach thee another language.—Before we leave this place, our quarrel muſt be decided by arms. Quickly mount thy horſe, and think of defending thyſelf, for I never grant quarter; and I give thee notice beforehand, that if thou art vanquiſhed, thy head inſtantly flies off thy ſhoulders." At the ſame time ſhe lets fall a ſmart blow on his helmet. The terrified wretch anſwered, trembling, that he had made a vow to God never to fight, and aſked, if it were not poſſible by any other means to make reparation.—He was informed that there was one method, and one only, and that was to go down on his knees and aſk pardon, which he inſtantly complied with. When he had riſen up, he took the liberty of aſking the name of his conqueror.

queror.—" Of what conſequence is that to you? However, I will not conceal it from you, whimſical as it is, and though I am the only one of my family that has borne it, my name is BERANGER, and my buſineſs is to ſhame cowards."

This ſaid, the Lady mounted her horſe again, and rode off.—On her way was the reſidence of a knight, who had long been in love with her, and whoſe ſuit till then ſhe had always rejected. But now ſhe went into his houſe, told him that at laſt ſhe accepted his vows, and even took him home behind her.—Soon after, the huſband entered, affecting to put on his uſual confidence: When his people aſked him the iſſue of his recent combat: " I am now at length," ſaid he, " going to enjoy quiet—my lands are entirely cleared of the freebooters that infeſted them."

After he had diſarmed, he went in to give his wife an account of his laſt exploit, and was greatly ſurprized to ſee a man ſitting by her ſide upon the couch, and to obſerve her embracing the ſtranger, inſtead of getting up to receive him.—He began to aſſume that imperious and threatening tone that had become familiar to him, and even pretended to go and bring his ſword.—" Hold your peace," ſaid ſhe, " you poltroon! or if you

dare ſo much as to breathe, I ſhall ſend for BERANGER;—you know how he treats cowards."

That word cloſed his mouth.—He withdrew in confuſion; and whatever liberties his wife indulged in afterwards, he durſt not throw out the leaſt reproach, leſt ſhe ſhould publiſh his adventures in the foreſt.

COLUMBUS.

WHEN Columbus, after having diſcovered the Weſtern hemiſphere, was, by order of the King of Spain, brought home from America in chains, the captain of the ſhip, who was intimately acquainted with his character, his knowledge and abilities, offered to free him from his chains, and make his paſſage as agreeable as poſſible.—But Columbus rejected his friendly offer, ſaying, "Sir, I thank you; but theſe chains are the rewards and honour for my ſervices, from my King, whom I have ſerved as faithfully as my God; and as ſuch I will carry them with me to my grave."

OLD AGE.

OLD Age is a ſtage of the human courſe which every one hopes to reach; it is a period juſtly entitled to general reſpect.—Even its failings ought to be touched with a gentle hand. For though in every part of life vexations occur; yet, in former years, either buſineſs or pleaſure ſerved to obliterate their impreſſions to the mind.

Old age begins its advances by diſqualifying men either from reliſhing the one, or for taking an active part in the other; while it withdraws their accuſtomed ſupports, it impoſes, at the ſame time, the additional burden of growing infirmities.

In the former ſtages of their journey, hope continued to flatter them with many a fair and enticing proſpect; but as old age increaſes, theſe illuſions vaniſh.—Life is contracted within a narrow and barren circle.—Year after year ſteals ſomewhat away from their ſtore of comfort,—deprives them of ſome of their ancient friends,—blunts ſome of their powers of ſenſation,—and incapacitates them for ſome functions of life.

The querulous temper, to them imputed, is to be conſidered as a natural infirmity, rather than a vice; the ſame apology cannot be made for that peeviſh diſguſt at the manners, and that malignant cenſure of the enjoyments of the young, which is ſometimes found to accompany declining years.

It is too common to find the aged at declared enmity with the whole ſyſtem of preſent cuſtom and manners; perpetually complaining of the growing depravity of the world, and of the aſtoniſhing vices and follies of the riſing generation. All things, according to them, are ruſhing faſt into ruin.—Decency and good order have become extinct, ever ſince that happy diſcipline, under which they ſpent their youth, has paſſed away.

Former follies vaniſh, and are forgotten.—Thoſe which are preſent, ſtrike obſervation and ſharpen cenſure.—Had the depravation of the world continued to increaſe in proportion to thoſe gloomy calculations, which, ſo many centuries paſt, have eſtimated each race as worſe than the preceding; by this time, not one ſpark of piety and virtue muſt have remained unextinguiſhed among mankind.

ANECDOTE
OF
BISHOP ATTERBURY.

IN the debates on the occaſional conformity and ſchiſm bills, in the Houſe of Lords, December 1718, Lord Coningſby fell foul of the Biſhop of Rocheſter, (Dr. Atterbury) for calling himſelf a *prophet* the day before, and added—"As I am ſure I have read as much ſcripture as he, or any Biſhop of them all, ſo I have found there a prophet very like him, namely, BALAAM, who, like that Right Reverend, drove ſo very furiouſly, that he conſtrained the very aſs he rode on to open his mouth, and reprove the madneſs of the prophet."

The Biſhop, when his Lordſhip had finiſhed his fiery tranſports, roſe up, in a very demure and humble way, and thanked his Lordſhip for the notice he took of him, which he received as an honour, it coming from ſo polite and noble a Lord, tho' accompanied with ſo acute a reflection; that he confeſſed the ingenious Peer had wittingly and happily applied Balaam to him, a prophet, prieſt, and preacher, being often promiſcuouſly uſed; but there ſtill wanted the application of the

Aſs;

Aſs; and his Lordſhip being the only one that reproved him, he muſt of neceſſity take the Aſs upon himſelf. From that day his Lordſhip was called Atterbury's Pad.

THE CRUELTY OF PARENTAL TYRANNY.

POLITICIANS remark, that no oppreſſion is ſo heavy or laſting as that which is inflicted by the perverſion and exorbitance of legal authority. The robber may be ſeized, and the invader repelled, whenever they are found; they who pretend no right but that of force, may by force be puniſhed or ſuppreſſed. But when plunder bears the name of impoſt, and murder is perpetrated by a judicial ſentence, fortitude is intimidated, and wiſdom confounded; reſiſtance ſhrinks from an alliance with rebellion, and the villain remains ſecure in the robes of the magiſtrate.

Equally dangerous and equally deteſtable are the cruelties often exerciſed in private families, under the venerable ſanction of parental authority; the power which we are taught to honour from

from the firſt moments of reaſon; which is guarded from inſult and violation by all that can impreſs awe upon the mind of man; and which therefore may wanton in cruelty without controul, and trample the bounds of right with innumerable tranſgreſſions, before duty and piety will dare to ſeek redreſs, or think themſelves at liberty to recur to any other means of deliverance than ſupplications, by which inſolence is elated, and tears, by which cruelty is gratified.

It was for a long time imagined by the Romans, that no ſon could be the murderer of his father; and they had therefore no puniſhment appropriated to parricide. They ſeem likewiſe to have believed with equal confidence, that no father could be cruel to his child; and therefore they allowed every man the ſupreme judicature in his own houſe, and put the lives of his own offspring into his hands. But experience informed them by degrees, that they had determined too haſtily in favour of human nature; they found that inſtinct and habit were not able to contend with avarice or malice; that the neareſt relation might be violated; and that power, to whomſoever intruſted, might be ill employed. They were therefore obliged to ſupply and to change their inſtitutions; to deter the parricide by a new law, and to transfer

fer capital puniſhments from the parent to the magiſtrate.

There are indeed many houſes which it is impoſſible to enter familiarly, without diſcovering that parents are by no means exempt from the intoxications of dominion; and that he who is in no danger of hearing remonſtrances but from his own conſcience, will ſeldom be long without the art of controlling his convictions, and modifying juſtice, by his own will.

If in any ſituation the heart were inacceſſible to malignity, it might be ſuppoſed to be ſufficiently ſecured by parental relation. To have voluntarily become to any being the occaſion of its exiſtence, produces an obligation to make that exiſtence happy. To ſee helpleſs infancy ſtretching out her hands, and pouring out her cries, in teſtimony of dependence, without any powers to alarm jealouſy, or any guilt to alienate affection, muſt ſurely awaken tenderneſs in every human mind; and tenderneſs once excited will be hourly increaſed by the natural contagion of felicity, by the repercuſſion of communicated pleaſure, by the conſciouſneſs of the dignity of benefaction.

I be-

I believe no generous or benevolent man can ſee the vileſt animal courting his regard, and ſhrinking at his anger, playing his gambols of delight before him, calling on him in diſtreſs, and flying to him in danger, without more kindneſs than he can perſuade himſelf to feel for the wild and unſocial inhabitants of the air and water.

We naturally endear to ourſelves thoſe to whom we impart any kind of pleaſure, becauſe we imagine their affection and eſteem ſecured to us by the benefits which they receive.

There is, indeed, another method by which the pride of ſuperiority may be likewiſe gratified.—He that has extinguiſhed all the ſenſations of humanity, and has no longer any ſatisfaction in the reflection that he is loved as the diſtributor of happineſs, may pleaſe himſelf with exciting terror as the inflictor of pain; he may delight his ſolitude with contemplating the extent of his power, and the force of his commands, in imagining the deſires that flutter on the tongue which is forbidden to utter them, or the diſcontent which preys on the heart in which fear confines it; he may amuſe himſelf with new contrivances of detection, multiplications of prohibition, and varieties of puniſhments, and ſwell with exultation when he conſiders

how little of the homage that he receives he owes to choice.

That princes of this character have been known, the hiſtory of all abſolute kingdoms will inform us; and ſince, as Ariſtotle obſerves, "the government of a family is naturally monarchial, it is, like other monarchies, too often arbitrarily adminiſtered.—The regal and parental tyrant differ only in the extent of their dominions, and the number of their ſlaves. The ſame paſſions cauſe the ſame miſeries; except that ſeldom any prince, however deſpotic, has ſo far ſhaken off all awe of the public eye, as to venture upon thoſe freaks of injuſtice which are ſometimes indulged under the ſecrecy of a private dwelling. Capricious injunctions, partial deciſions, unequal allotment, diſtributions of reward not by merit, but by fancy, and puniſhments regulated not by the degree of the offence, but by the humour of the judge, are too frequent where no power is known but that of a father.

That he delights in the miſery of others no man will confeſs, and yet what other motive can make a father cruel? The King may be inſtigated by one man to the deſtruction of another; he may ſometimes think himſelf endangered by the virtues

virtues of a ſubject; he may dread the ſucceſsful general or the popular orator; his avarice may point out golden confiſcations; and his guilt may whiſper that he can only be ſecure by cutting off all power of revenge.

But what can a parent hope from the oppreſſion of thoſe who were born to his protection, of thoſe who can diſturb him with no competition, who can enrich him with no ſpoils? Why cowards are cruel may be eaſily diſcovered; but for what reaſon, not more infamous than cowardice, can that man delight in oppreſſion who has nothing to fear?

The unjuſtifiable ſeverity of a parent is loaded with this aggravation, that thoſe whom he injures are always in his ſight. The injuſtice of a prince is often exerciſed upon thoſe of whom he never had any perſonal or particular knowledge; and the ſentence which he pronounces, whether of baniſhment, impriſonment, or death, removes from his view the man whom he condemns.—But the domeſtic oppreſſor dooms himſelf to gaze upon thoſe faces which he clouds with terror, and with ſorrow; and beholds every moment the effect of his own barbarities. He that can bear to give continual pain to thoſe who ſurround him, and can walk with ſatisfaction in the gloom of his own

preſence; he that can ſee ſubmiſſive miſery without relenting, and meet without emotion the eye that implores mercy, or demands juſtice, will ſcarcely be amended by remonſtrance or admonition; he has found means of ſtopping the avenues of tenderneſs, and arming his heart againſt the force of reaſon.

Even though no conſideration ſhould be paid to the great law of ſocial beings, by which every individual is commanded to conſult the happineſs of others, yet the harſh parent is leſs to be vindicated than any other criminal, becauſe he leſs provides for the happineſs of himſelf. Every man, however little he loves others, would willingly be loved; every man hopes to live long, and therefore hopes for that time at which he ſhall ſink back to imbecility, and muſt depend for eaſe and cheerfulneſs upon the officiouſneſs of others. But how has he obviated the inconveniences of old age, who alienates from him the aſſiſtance of his children, and whoſe bed muſt be ſurrounded in his laſt hours, in the hours of langour and dejection, of impatience and of pain, by ſtrangers to whom his life is indifferent, or by enemies, to whom his death is deſirable.

Piety

Piety will, indeed, in good minds overcome provocations, and thoſe who have been harraſſed by brutality will forget the injuries which they have ſuffered, ſo far as to perform the laſt duties with alacrity and zeal. But ſurely no reſentment can be equally painful with kindneſs thus undeſerved, nor can ſeverer puniſhment be imprecated upon a man not wholly loſt in meanneſs and ſtupidity, than through the tediouſneſs of decrepitude, to be reproached by the kindneſs of his own children, to receive not the tribute, but the alms of attendance, and to owe every relief of his miſeries, not to gratitude, but to mercy.

A MORNING HYMN.

GOD of my life, this early dawn
I dedicate to thee:
As thou haſt been, ſo may'ſt thou ſtill
My kind protector be.

When cover'd by the midnight gloom,
And veil'd in ſhades of night;
Thou, Lord, my watchful guardian was,
And kept me in thy ſight.

The curtains of Almighty love
Were drawn around my bed;
And while I ſlept, thy providence
Its bleſſings on me ſhed.

Thy love deſerves my beſt returns
Of gratitude and praiſe;
And while I live, I ſhall delight
To thee my voice to raiſe.

Bleſs God, my ſoul, whoſe pow'r divine
Has thy protection been;
Who has thy life ſecur'd from ills,
Which were by thee unſeen.

As each return of day declares
The greatneſs of thy love;
So may each day my thanks renew,
And gratitude improve.

This day ſafe guard me, O my God,
From every outward ill;
Preſerve my health, relieve my wants,
My ſoul with comfort fill.

Againſt temptation I would guard,
And flee the paths of ſin;

May Satan's pow'r be broke without,
And ev'ry luſt within.

With thankful praiſe for mercies paſt,
I leave myſelf with Thee:
O! may I of thy grace partake,
And thy great goodneſs ſee.

And may I carefully purſue
Whate'er is juſt and right,
That I may always be approv'd
In my Creator's ſight.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

CORNELIA, a Roman Lady of exemplary virtue, was left a widow with twelve children, but only three of the twelve arrived at years of maturity: one daughter, whom ſhe married to the ſecond Scipio Africanus; and two ſons, whom ſhe ſo carefully inſtructed, that though born with the moſt happy geniuſes and diſpoſitions, it was judged that they were ſtill more indebted to education than nature

A Campanian Lady, who was very rich, and ſtill fonder of pomp and ſhew, in a viſit to Cornelia,

nelia, having diſplayed her diamonds, pearls, and richeſt jewels, earneſtly deſired Cornelia to let her ſee her jewels alſo. This amiable Lady diverted the converſation to another ſubject, till the return of her ſons from the public ſchools.—When they entered their mother's apartments, ſhe ſaid to her viſitor, pointing to them, "Theſe are my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire; and ſuch ornaments, which are the ſtrength and ſupport of ſociety, add a brighter luſtre to the fair than all the jewels of the eaſt."

THE HAPPY STATE.

I.

IN ſearch of happineſs in vain,
How oft poor mortals rove;
Attend, be taught, let reaſon reign!
You'll find it fix'd in love!
Let each unruly thought ſubſide,
That late oppreſs'd the mind;
Seek one dear object; there confide,
If happineſs you'd find.

II. Un-

II.

Unnumber'd ills (a ghaſtly train!)
On diſſipation wait,
Unthinking youth oft feels the pang,
But feels it when too late:
Diſpel thoſe falſe deſtructive fires,
Their tranſient charms diſperſe;
A ſlave no more to baſe deſires,
Obſerve the bleſt reverſe.

III.

The bright Eliza Heaven ordain'd,
The young Palemon's ſhare;
In him, the nymph deſpotic reign'd,
As he within the fair:
With him each joy, each care ſhe knows,
And bears an equal part;
From her dear breaſt ſweet comfort flows,
Flows truly from the heart.

IV.

In mutual love, ſupremely bleſt,
No anxious fears intrude;
For aught that cou'd alarm their reſt,
By virtue is ſubdu'd:

To Hymen then your tribute pay,
Embrace their envy'd fate;
Connubial love ſhall truth repay,
And crown the HAPPY STATE.

ANECDOTE
ON
A DIVINE's PROCURING A LIVING.

A NOBLEMAN, before a numerous aſſembly, told a worthy Divine, who was ſoliciting him for a Living then vacant, and in his Lordſhip's diſpoſal, "No, no, Doctor, talk no more of it; but prithee, man, learn to dance." The Doctor, not at all abaſhed, ſmilingly replied, "he ſhould be incorrigible not to improve with his Lordſhip for an inſtructor, who had long taught him to dance attendance." "Have I ſo, Doctor?" ſays the Earl, "then even take the Living, and my daughter Sophy ſhall teach you to turn out your toes." The company laughed, but the Doctor had moſt reaſon.

ANECDOTE
OF
THE PRINCE OF CONTI.

THE Prince of Conti being highly pleaſed with the intrepid behaviour of a grenadier, at the ſiege of Philipſburgh, in 1734, threw him his purſe, excuſing the ſmallneſs of the ſum it contained, as being too poor a reward for his courage.

Next morning the grenadier went to the Prince with a couple of diamond rings, and other jewels of conſiderable value. "Sir," ſaid he, "the gold I found in your purſe, I ſuppoſe you intended for me; but theſe I bring back to you, having no claim to them." "You have doubly deſerved them by your bravery, (ſaid the Prince) and by your honeſty, therefore they are yours."

ANECDOTE
OF
SWIFT AND ADDISON.

ONE evening, during a *tete a tete* converſation between Addiſon and Swift, the various characters in ſcripture were canvaſſed, and their

merits and demerits were fully diſcuſſed. Swift's favourite, however, was Joſeph, while Addiſon contended ſtrongly for the amiable Jonathan.—The diſpute laſted ſome time, when the Author of Cato obſerved, that it was very fortunate they were alone, as the character which he had been praiſing ſo warmly was the name-ſake of Swift, while the other, of which Swift had been ſo laviſh in his commendations, was the name-ſake of Addiſon.

ANECDOTE
OF
AN HIGHWAYMAN.

HAWKE, the noted Highwayman, being one evening on the look-out, ſtopped a gentleman, and bade him deliver. The gentleman proteſted he had no money, and was flying from his creditors, in order to avoid a gaol. Hawke, pitying his unhappy ſituation, aſked him how much would relieve his wants? He was anſwered thirty guineas. He then directed the gentleman to go to a houſe not far off, and wait till nine o'clock in the morning, and he would bring him ſomething that would relieve him; accordingly, before the time

time expired, Hawke made his appearance; and, to the no ſmall joy of the gentleman, made him a preſent of fifty guineas; adding, "Sir, I preſent this to you with all my heart, wiſhing you well:—You are welcome to it." Upon which Hawke took his leave, and went away immediately.

ANECDOTE
OF
THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

IN the war carried on by Louis XII. of France, againſt the Venetians, the town of Breſcia being taken by ſtorm, and abandoned by the ſoldiers, ſuffered, for ſeven days, all the diſtreſſes of cruelty and avarice. No houſe eſcaped but that where the Chevalier Bayard was lodged. At his entrance, the miſtreſs, a woman of figure, fell at his feet, and deeply ſobbing, cried, "Oh! my Lord, ſave my life; ſave the honour of my daughters." "Take courage, Madam," ſaid the Chevalier, "your life and their honour ſhall be ſecure while I have life."

The two young ladies, brought from their hiding-place, were preſented to him; and the family

family, thus re-united, beſtowed their whole attention on their deliverer. A dangerous wound he had received, gave them an opportunity to expreſs their zeal. They employed a notable ſurgeon; they attended him by turn, day and night; and when he could bear to be amuſed, they entertained him with concerts of muſic.

Upon the day fixed for his departure, the mother ſaid to him, "To your goodneſs, my Lord, we owe our lives, and to you, all we have, belongs by right of war; but we hope, from your ſignal benevolence, that this ſlight tribute will content you," placing upon the table an iron coffer full of money. "What is the ſum?" ſaid the Chevalier. "My Lord," anſwered ſhe, trembling, "no more than two thouſand five hundred ducats,—all that we have; but if more be neceſſary, we will try our friends." "Madam," ſaid he, "I ſhall never forget your kindneſs, more precious in my eyes than one hundred thouſand ducats. Take back your money, and depend always on me." "My good Lord, you kill me, to refuſe this ſmall ſum; take it only as a mark of your friendſhip to my family." "Well," ſaid he, "ſince it will oblige you, I take the money; but give me the ſatisfaction of bidding adieu to your amiable daughters." They came to him with looks of regard and affection.

tion. "Ladies," ſaid he, "the impreſſion you have made on my heart will never wear out.—What return to make I know not, for men of my profeſſion are ſeldom opulent; but here are two thouſand five hundred ducats, of which the generoſity of your mother has given me the diſpoſal: accept them as a marriage preſent; and may your happineſs in marriage equal your merit."

"Flower of chivalry," cried the mother, "May the God who ſuffered death for us, reward you here and hereafter."

An ANECDOTE
OF
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

THE following is as ſtriking an inſtance of profound policy, as perhaps ſtands upon record in the annals of any nation.

Sir Robert Walpole having ſome point to carry in which the Biſhops were intereſted, expected powerful oppoſition from that quarter. The Archbiſhop of Canterbury was indebted to him entirely for his exaltation; and as he had often made the

the warmeſt proteſtations of gratitude, Sir Robert now reſolved to put him to the teſt. Accordingly he ſent for him a few days before he intended bringing his bill into the Houſe, and told him he had a favour to requeſt. The Prelate replied, "He need only aſk to obtain any thing in his power to grant." Sir Robert then deſired that he would cloſely confine himſelf to his palace on ſuch a day, and give him leave to aſſign what reaſon he thought proper for ſuch proceeding.

The Archbiſhop promiſed to obſerve his patron's injunction faithfully: and this profound politician, on the day of his confinement, cauſed a report to be ſpread that his Grace of Canterbury was ſuddenly taken ill, and even lay at the point of death. He then introduced his bill; and as every one of the lawn ſleeve gentry, from their expectation of preferment, wiſhed to pleaſe him, the bill paſſed without difficulty.

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FINIS.